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WROTH.<sup>1</sup>

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

CHAPTER XV.

WROTH seized the pistol case from the hands of his bewildered groom and flung it under the seat of the high curricie which stood awaiting his pleasure in the yard. A couple of stablemen stood at the horses' heads; the chestnuts were all quivering impatience—offended at their long wait harnessed in the yard—and wilder than usual, this day, with the heady spring winds. He swung himself up and stood poised, gathering the reins, as the Greek charioteer might have stood before the start.

'Which way did the lady and gentleman take?' he asked abruptly.

There was a grin about the ostlers' faces—reflected on those of inquisitive groups gathered about the stable gates.

'Mr. Martindale, my lord?' inquired an impudent stable boy. And hands went up to divers mouths.

'Aye, Mr. Martindale,' said Wroth, culling the whip from its socket. 'Mr. Martindale and Lady Wroth.'

The horses leaped as his fingers tightened on the reins; struck fury from the cobbles with ringing iron. Wroth, sitting now, held them with a grip that no one could have suspected in the white, almost effeminate-looking hand. He turned his dark look from face to face: and somehow the humour of the situation in the eyes

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of the bystanders seemed to have evaporated. Two or three voices answered with sycophantic eagerness.

'The London road, my lord.'

The groom had barely the time to leap and clutch like a wild cat, before, in a whirlwind, they were off, shearing the corner 'with a knife edge between them and slap-bang,' as the head ostler concisely remarked; squawking fowls and terrified children scattering, dogs barking, the light curricule swaying from side to side; Wroth's figure pulsing, as it were, to the bounding rhythm of his horses' speed which he fiercely encouraged and as fiercely controlled.

The town constable on the lower walk had but the time to step aside, with a haste little becoming his dignity, ere the curricule was upon him and past. He gazed after it as it disappeared round the corner, and shook his head long and solemnly. It might come hard on the honest lad who had to sit by my lord; but the sooner Mad Wroth broke his neck, the better for the credit of the country.

As they dashed out on the high road and settled to a pace scarcely abated, but steadier and less fraught with imminent danger, the seething fury in Wroth's brain, so far from diminishing, increased; took, so to speak, many colours, gathered a specious kind of intellectual purpose without losing its sheer animal ferocity. He was drunk with rage as a man may be with strong wine; with a drunkenness stimulating to brilliancy of thought, intensity of purpose, recklessness of consequences. It was a threefold rage; against himself, for the futility, being what he was, of the deed that had wrecked him; against Juliana, who had failed him at the very hour when, by a gesture, she could have saved him; against his friends—friends, save the mark!—in whose degradation he saw his own. These vile minds, how quick they had been to assume him in collusion with the creatures—the woman and Martindale. With their own mire they pelted him; base, they judged him at their own level!

Up the steepest hill he never spared the chestnuts for a breathing space. Indeed, he soon found himself not restraining but urging. His cattle no longer fought for the pace, but only responded to the call. For Wroth, usually soft-hearted, even to the mockery of his friends, with dumb animals had no mercy this day. The hedges flew by; then high park walls, tree-topped; hamlets with their thatched cottages; a copse of pine trees engulfed them into brown shadows, to spit them forth again to a blaze of sunshine upon the rolling

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downs where the gorse was already breaking into yellow. And now, before they had left the last heather land, it was swept by the April storm. The wind came whistling unchecked across the rolling waste and caught them in full blast; the rain struck slantwise, stinging—a petulant squall with all the cruelty of the young year in it—buffeted and drenched. But at the very pitch of fury its own impetuosity tore the clouds apart. Here was blue sky again, here was a shaft of sunshine, mellowed than before. And in a trice, the land was one sparkle, one jubilation of nodding leaf and singing birds; pools smiling at the sky and the odour of the wet earth fragrant on a wind, warm again, as if laughing at its own outburst. Vaguely, through the concentration of his thoughts, Wroth had felt the gloom of the squall deepen his dark mood, the chill whipping of the rain drive his bitterness into more corrosive irony.

Presently the groom, tilting his drenched hat over his eyes to shade them from the sudden dazzle, started and touched his master on the arm:

‘They’re in front of us, my lord!’ he cried, pointing.

Wroth’s mind, fixed on the inward vision, awoke to reality. They had reached the edge of a slope which dipped gently into the valley where smoked the townlet of Sevenoaks, its slate roofs glistening in the already level rays, already mellowing to the amber that foretells the rose. Some half-mile off, down the straight running road, crawled in truth the bulk of a travelling chaise. Wroth’s red hazel eyes were as keen of vision as a hawk’s. He gave a short laugh.

‘The off grey’s dead lame—they’ll have to pull up here. So, so, my lads, we can take it easy!’

He had no mind to have his meeting on the open road; four walls should hold that scene of vengeance that he had been drawing in acrid lines on the tablets of his mind.

The chestnuts craned their necks and stretched in relief against the loosened reins as they fell to walking pace. Clouds of steam broke from them. Wroth laid his whip alternately on either wet flank, in caress. The man, encouraged by this sign of returning humanity, ventured to glance at his master’s face, but quickly looked away again from the smile that lifted the short upper lip.

At the head of the little High Street, Wroth drew rein and sat watching, still with his ominous smile, while the chaise, with a kind of pathetic unconsciousness in its shabby weather-beaten back, lumbered onwards and turned into the yard of the Blue Boar, the

sign of which swung and creaked gaily from its post, high planted in the middle of the little square.

'We'll give them a minute or two to settle down comfortably,' said he half aloud, and thought: 'If I know my Martindale, he'll be for a bottle and a rest by the fire before he starts again. Romeo's throat must be pretty dry, cursing the off grey's legs!'

Thus, he remained a minute or two, statue-like, while the horses craned necks and shuddered and rubbed confidential noses, steaming still more densely in the sun-glow. Then, with a suddenness that nearly flung the groom from his seat, they were off again, this time with clatter and dash; and Wroth swept the curve into the yard of the posting-house with that masterly precision and audacity which made his driving the admiration of every stable in the country.

The Blue Boar had a reputation on the road for its burnt sherry; and a very exhilarating brew had just been deposited between Miss Beljoy and Mr. Martindale, as they sat, in all the comfort that Wroth had foreseen, before the fire in the travellers' room. If ill-temper there had been, it was smoothed away.

They had the room to themselves. Martindale, delicately holding a hot tumbler in a twisted pocket-handkerchief, winked as he sipped a toast to the bright eyes opposite to him.

'Pon honour, Peggie,' he cried, glancing at the pearl-grey sandals, 'it is a vast of time since we've seen you dance. I'll get a party of choice fellows. Dash me if we don't——'

'Dash you, then, and you won't,' said the lady, tossing her blue feather at him with great assurance.

Dance for him, and his kind, indeed! So long as she played the part of Lady Wroth, Miss Beljoy had highly different notions of entertainment. She was too good an actress not to sink herself into her new character. She had visions of drives in the park in a high barouche, of elegant entertainments, where her languid white hand would be kissed by adoring and respectful swains. An ill-treated, irresistible lady of rank—that was her *rôle* now.

Juliana had promised that whatever happened she should be at no loss. Peggie had no idea of the kind of settlements likely to be made upon a nobleman's wife; but she was nothing if not sanguine. She was convinced she would have the spending of much gold, and—whether as Lady Wroth or Miss Beljoy—she intended to spend it to some purpose. Dance for Mr. Martindale—Master Martindale, the impecunious! What airs of conqueror was the

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creature giving himself ? He might serve as escort, he might serve as fetch and carry ; best of all he might serve as spur of defiance to Wroth, but as for anything else, he must be taught his place.

'I'd be obleeged,' said Miss Beljoy presently, and now in elegant mincing tones, 'if you will hand me my glass, Mr. Martindale—I think the liquor is sufficiently cool. Dear me——'

The languid ejaculation expired on her lips : the door at the far end of the room had opened, and Wroth, closing it quietly behind him, was advancing towards them. The couple by the fire gaped in the silence of utter astonishment, Martindale still foolishly holding his wrapped glass, Peggie collecting her wits with all speed for the contradictory situations she might be called upon to face ; ready to laugh, as jolly Peg, at the trick she had played on my lord and them all, or as Lady Wroth, the party first injured in an equivocal transaction, to take her proper stand of reproachful dignity.

As Wroth advanced she marked his smile.

'He knows,' thought Peggie, and gave herself all to the first rôle, in swift disappointment ; the other game would have been so much more amusing.

Then his eye fell upon her and all at once she was frightened, and wished herself miles away. Her intuitions, being feminine, were quicker than those of her companion. Mr. Martindale's air of consternation had vanished ; here was Wroth, cool as a cucumber, all smiles. And, hang it, was he not doing Wroth a good turn ?

'Capital, dear fellow, capital !' he cried boisterously. 'Come after us to give us "speed" ? Gad, but it's just like you ! We'll have a fresh bowl up—why not supper all three together, eh, Peg ? Eh, George ? You always liked to be original : you'll break your record this time !'

'You forget,' said Peggie, thinly goaded by the very sharpness of her fear into the extreme of audacity, 'that Lord Wroth can endure all other company except that of a—wife.'

'But when he knows that he's already free of her ?' said Martindale, still rollicking.

He swallowed his reeking draught, nodded at the girl over his glass, slammed it on the table, and blew a kiss at her. Then he turned his flushed face, claiming his boon companion's applause. His eye became fixed, his jaw dropped. That little polished mahogany box hanging by its silver handle on two of Wroth's fingers—he knew it well enough. What the devil was the madman doing with it here ?

Wroth read his thoughts like a printed page. He glanced down at the case, swung it on the table and was shaken with his short harsh laugh, the laugh that never boded good. The white fury that possessed him seemed to flicker about his face like a dancing flame as he turned again the glitter of his eyes from one to the other.

Martindale, his friend, and the creature who could now call herself Lady Wroth! And he, already hailed, by the Scaifes and the Holroyds, as their accomplice! He pushed the catch of his case and raised the lid. At that moment he was no more responsible for his actions than the madman Martindale deemed him. He had killed Martindale in his thoughts, before his finger touched his loaded pistol. But something—perhaps Peggie's piercing scream, perhaps her comrade's abject movement of fear, perhaps the familiar touch of the grip under his hand—brought him in time to a realisation of the chasm before him.

He replaced the weapon on the table, still uncocked, and stood a second, his gaze dilated, breathing quickly, looking on the vision of the fatal deed which he had all but done.

'Oh, mercy, mercy!' gasped Peggie. She tried to scream again, yet as in a nightmare could scarce bring forth a whisper; fighting against the faintness that was creeping over her, she wanted to cry out the truth, since this joke of hers was bringing such dire consequence. But the words refused themselves to her thoughts.

'Good Lord, George!' ejaculated Martindale, from dry lips. 'Ring the bell, woman! Dash it, ring, I say, Peg! It's your side, you fool! We shall be murdered!'

Wroth stirred from his abstraction.

'Oh, no, not murder,' he said tonelessly. 'An affair between gentlemen, for we are gentlemen, are we not? You'll not deny me satisfaction, Martindale, I suppose?'

Though his voice was dully emotionless, there was twitching of indescribable irony about his lips.

'The present is the best of all times. You never were much good at more than ten paces. Why not the length of the room between us? Come, choose your pistol, man. I'm in a hurry. Let us be done with it!'

But Martindale, rolling an anguished eye upon the speaker, crawling as if the mere change of position across the hearthrug must attract the bullet, was already extending a palsied hand towards the bell-rope.

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A sudden nausea seized Wroth. What was he, lion, doing among these jackals? How could he, eagle, stoop to those jays? A vision of Juliana's face arose before him, a vision of purple, deep eyes, sorrowful in scorn. And, as if by the light of that gaze, he saw the irrevocable gulf that separated his own soul from that of those with whom he had chosen to consort. As upon a huge gathering wave, he felt himself seized and lifted back to the rock where he belonged. Disgust was upon him as he looked down.

'You need not ring,' he cried peremptorily. 'I'll let you off. I'll cry quits, now and for ever. I've had my revenge. Faugh, you're not even worth shooting, Martindale! Stay—there's a condition—you and my lady there must separate.'

Martindale made a hasty step forward. Wroth flung up his hand: 'You need make no promise,' he cried contemptuously. 'You dare not do anything but leave her, now. As for you, my lady, I make no apologies for interfering, even after our bargain. The world is wide; remember not to let your favour fall upon any of those who have broken bread with me. I give you credit for better taste in the future: you see the stuff they are made of.'

There was sharp warning under the mockery of his tone. The pistol case clicked. Wroth clapped it under his arm and turned to the door. A moment he halted on the threshold, looked back at them, as if from some great distance, then went out.

The two left alone stared at each other; anger, but anger of different moods was in the eyes of both. Then Martindale hastily helped himself to the remnants of the bowl and drank at a gulp. Some of his jauntiness returned to him as he flipped the moisture from his lips with his fine handkerchief.

'Well, Peg, what a scene! Aha! Why, I declare, you're scared to death. Come, now, pull yourself together, girl.'

He hemmed, drew a deep breath, and tried to assume an air at once superior and generous. 'Not that I care for the dear fellow's threats. It is obvious that all this business has been too much for him. But you can trust me. I would not, for worlds, place you in an awkward position. Rather than cause difficulties——' He hemmed again. A graceful exit seemed difficult.

Peggie, her hands on the arm of her chair, sat staring at him, strangely still.

'You wish me to go, I see,' he cried, catching at a pretext, with the suddenness of a trout at a fly. Still the dumb staring of the pale green eyes.

'Come, then,' said the gallant. 'A wink is as good as a nod to me. I'm going. Good-bye, my dear——' He hesitated. Something was wanting to give conviction and dash to his new rôle. A defiance to Wroth that could involve no risk. 'Come, Peg—a kiss before parting.'

He came towards her. She flung up her hand; all fierce energy now, out of her stony abstraction.

'Off with you—I hate the sight of you! I don't know how I could ever have looked at you. Kiss you? And I his wife! Ah, he can't help that now. I am his wife——'

The sense of the huge lie, the hopelessness of her own position, overcame the girl, even as she spoke the word. She saw again before her the vision of Wroth, scorning. Only some hours ago she had pleaded for her chance; 'I like him, I do like him!' she had cried. And her chance had been wrenched from her. And now she knew it was no mere liking. Love? She had never loved in her life before. Was it love?

Now the dry heart was seized with misery. This was love; how uncomfortable it was! She crouched down, burying her face in her hands and broke into furious sobs.

Martindale slipped out noiselessly.

## CHAPTER XVI.

WROTH drove back towards the Wells, at a slow, steady trot, absorbed in his thoughts and allowing the tired horses their own pace.

At first, chief in his mind was wide sweeping resolve: he was done with it, done with that old life, done with these boon companions, these gamblers, drunkards, panderers, sycophants—aye, and traitors! It was hardly so much a decision as an accomplished fact within himself. And next the manner of its accomplishment began to shape itself in a hundred busy plans. The price of his folly was in a way his release; material means for his complete freedom could not now fail him. He would purge his house and his stables. That old devil, Minchin, must be set at once to pay off all debts. The Abbey, empty of its unworthy crew, should be left in the guardianship of Bertram. . . . Aye, faithful old fellow, he should have the satisfaction of feeling peace as well as plenty about him again.

And, since his money-bags were to be so deep, why should he not now plunge deep into them? He would have the desecrated church restored—by the Lord, he would! One day, he meant to bring Juliana back there: how and when he knew not—he was still in the whirlwind of circumstances—but he knew that, henceforth, this would be the goal of his life. There was nothing else in the world for him.

He had once more reached the downs; the sun had dropped behind low-lying clouds; after the rain, through the cooling airs, the mists were rising; with the twilight hour the wind had fallen; it was a dull grey world that held him. Wroth suddenly gathered up the reins with the old fierce grip. The horses sprang; it needed no stroke of whip to make them feel afresh the frenzy of impatience that urged.

Juliana was at the Wells yonder, and here was he on the downs, miles from her! What blasting folly of anger and pride had come to him that, having found her again, he had let her go out of his sight? What, he had had his arms about her, and had not held her! Because of that look in her eyes he had gone from her. Oh, then, when he was back again beside her he would close his own eyes to that look. Once they had kissed, he knew it in every fibre of his being, she could never put him from her again. Then, gradually, the current of his passion took a gentler turn. Nay, no woman had ever been wooed as she should be. So gently would he lay siege to this fair fortress, that she should scarce know the moment of her surrender.

The high curricule swayed again as they spun along the darkening roads. The over-driven horses had taken to a gallop. Crouching cottages, with glimmers as of yellow eyes, seemed to dart past them. There were curses and outcry in the village, where knots of labourers scattered and flattened themselves against palings to let the flying danger pass. At last! Down the broader road into the Wells! The sense of the goal near-reached added a fresh stimulus to the reckless pace.

The same whirlwind that had taken him away seemed to have brought him back. When he drew up before the door of the Crown, there was a dash among the idlers from the bar room, to stare at Mad Wroth returning from his mad chase; and wide were the conjectures that flew from lip to lip at sight of his white face and the reeking horses.

'He's killed them both—that's what he's done! We shall have work at Maidstone 'Sizes,' was the most popular conclusion.

The bridegroom pushed through the groups into the narrow passage, so possessed by his purpose as to be unaware of the curiosity and excitement about him. He merely halted a second to fling out an order to his groom, then hurried on again, and, at the office, peremptorily demanded a room.

The young person with the wonderful ringlets, who at that moment there presided, was much too interested in the mad, bad lord to depute to anyone the task of showing him the apartment. On the threshold of the room allotted to him, without even casting a glance upon its merits, he paused :

‘Will you kindly tell the lady—the Countess what’s her name, Countess Mordante something—who is staying here that I will present myself in her sitting-room immediately. I, Lord Wroth, you understand, wish to call upon the lady. Oh, never stare like that, woman! Go at once, do you hear? Yes, yes, the room will do. Take my message.’

‘But, my lord—’

‘She’ll drive me crazy! Here, girl, will this help you to understand?’ He fumbled furiously in his pocket, then thrust a gold piece into her hand. She stared at it, and then at him; then held out the guinea again, and with an agreeable smile :

‘But the lady’s gone, my lord!’ she said, mincing.

Wroth, who had moved to enter his room, turned suddenly back with a leap.

‘Gone?’

‘Yes, indeed, my lord, quite an hour ago. Mr. Tunstall had a deal of trouble to get horses for her chaise—so many gentlemen had been ordering horses, your lordship will understand. But she was very insistent, very insistent indeed, and did not mind the expense—so she said. She must go, at once, said she.’

The girl gazed into the blasted face with a thrill of the deepest enjoyment. ‘Pray, my lord, allow me to return this money. I really could not—’

But her genteel protest was lost in space. He had thrust her from his path. Not roughly—no, indeed, she was subsequently wont to relate that he took her by the shoulders as he would a child. She heard him clattering down the turning stairs, heard his voice uplifted in outcry for the landlord, before she recovered from her astonishment. She ran to the landing and leaned over the banister, all eagerness.

Mr. Tunstall’s answer rang in tones of sullenness unprecedented

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in his dealings with customers of quality. The grand foreign lady had taken sudden departure; and Mrs. Tunstall averred that it was all due to my lord's intrusion upon her: she had foreseen it—she had even warned his lordship! Now, they had lost the best guest of the season, and Mr. Tunstall's dudgeon was as apparent as he well dared to display it.

'I could hardly take upon myself to say for certain, my lord, but I gathered from the Countess's courier that they were for Dover.'

'Dover.'

That single word was in Wroth's voice.

'Aye, my lord—going on to the Continent. First stop Maidstone.'

'Maidstone—'

Without further parley Wroth called for his reckoning, for fresh horses to his curricule. Here there ensued a sudden wrangle. There were no horses, none to be had in the town to-night, for love or money. It had been as much as they could do to find them for the Countess. The last pair had been taken by his lordship's gentlemen friends back to the Abbey. Their own greys Mr. Martindale and the lady—here the landlord coughed and stammered—

'Then let my chestnuts be put to again. A pint of wine each to their oats.'

Mr. Tunstall, who was a lover of horseflesh, protested, deeply reproachful. It was murder to take the beauties out of the stables again to-night. They'd been driven cruel. He'd not be a man if he did not say so. Now, to-morrow morning—

'Where do you put up at Maidstone?'

'The Swan, my lord, but—'

The young imperative voice flung out the fiat:

'They shall take me to Maidstone to-night.'

One of the chestnuts went dead lame before they had left the Wells three miles behind—and an hour was lost in getting as far as Kipping Cross. Leaving the groom in charge of the suffering beast and the curricule at the village pot-house, with orders to return on the morrow to the Abbey, Wroth started off alone, riding the other horse, bare back, with a makeshift of curtailed reins.

It was a gloomy night, and the mists had increased; dank, clammy, they soaked a man to the skin in imperceptible moisture. He missed his way more than once on the solitary roads ever

branching into unknown directions, and it was nearly midnight when he reached Maidstone. There it required all his masterfulness to arouse the folk at the Swan Inn; and a fantastic sum of money to obtain a saddle-horse in exchange for his own, on which to continue the journey forthwith: the travelling party with the foreign courier had habited for supper, he heard, but had posted on for Dover, by Canterbury.

At Key Street, at Faversham, at Canterbury, through the remainder of the night, the experience and the proceedings were much the same. But determination backed by a well-filled purse will carry any traveller on, even through these dead hours when the passing guest is resented rather than welcomed by the most grasping host. As the dawn whitened to the left, Wroth began to taste the salt air on his lips. His road was now climbing the inland slope of those white cliffs which gave Albion her name. Soon the land broke and fell away before him, under the lour of the sky spread the sullen swell of the sea.

His last mount was a heavy clumping brute which neither hand nor heel could urge beyond a sullen trot. By the time he had left the downs behind him, and jogged as far as the outskirts of Dover, a raw wind had sprung up and cleared the fog; and it was broad day. The clouds hung low, threatening, trailing off seaward, dipping jagged edges here and there. The church clock was striking eight when he dismounted at the door of the Royal.

'The packet, sir?' cried the waiter, looking with a blank, uninterested eye from the mud-stained rider to his reeking steed. 'Why, she's gone this half-hour. Ebb-tide at seven, sir.'

Imperiously, Wroth darted his questions.

Aye, the waiter replied, between smothered yawns—there had been a lady and her maid, and a jabbering fellow of a foreigner. Breakfast they had had, then off with them. And a bit of tossing they were now enjoying, there was not a doubt of that.

It was in the dingy coffee-room, and the man pointed with a flip of his professional napkin towards the window. Wroth stepped into the bow, and looked out on the restless grey of the channel beyond the pier. Livid white, the sails of the retreating packet were painted against the gloom of sea and sky—no larger than gulls' wings. The wind was fair for France; she was making good speed.

He stared forth on the dismal picture a long while in silence. The waiter coughed, moved a chair, flicked crumbs from the table.

Luggageless, unimportant as the traveller seemed, his eye commanded respect, his voice obtained obedience.

'Breakfast, sir?' insinuated the man at last.

Wroth wheeled round, drew a pocket-book from his breast, ran a finger through the rustle of what remained of Mr. Minchin's notes, and glanced again seaward. His lips moved silently as if in calculation. Then he closed the leather case again, thrust it into his pocket, and with an air of sudden decision :

'Aye, breakfast!' he cried. 'And order a post chaise—for London. And mind you, fellow, I like my coffee served hot, and my horses quick.'

The waiter withdrew, deeply impressed with the glimpse of wealth he had seen between the strange gentleman's fingers, while Wroth let himself fall into a chair, with a dumb curse on his limited funds. A paltry couple of hundred. It was no use. With only a couple of hundred more he might have chartered a light vessel for himself, started in chase of the gull's wings, caught Juliana, if not on Calais pier itself, at least before she'd left the town. But now he must back to London. He would overtake her in time; no fear about that, but first of all he must have unlimited funds.

'Is the landlord about?' he asked, when the waiter returned with the steaming tray. 'Yes? Then ask him to be good enough to speak to me for a moment. Say it is Lord Wroth, of Hurley Abbey.'

And when the host, with all alacrity, had presented himself :

'When will the packet leave, the day after to-morrow?' asked his noble guest.

'Wind permitting, at the turn of the tide, my lord. That is half-past nine, my lord—God willing.'

'I shall be back,' said Wroth; 'to-morrow night you will kindly retain room for a carriage on board—in my name—and passage for me and my servant. And stay—— To whom must one apply for leave to use the Admiralty telegraph for private messages?'

'The harbour-master, my lord.'

Wroth scribbled a note and sent it forth with his compliments.

'Put the amount down in my bill,' he added affably; 'but do me the favour to see that it is transmitted as early as possible.'

Then he applied himself to his much-needed repast.

Not one jot was his purpose altered by this check; only his fevered heat had left him. He was set into steadiness, and his

brain active in forming practical plans. He was not cast down, his will was too firmly made up for that. It was perhaps even as well, he thought to himself, that this mad chase should be interrupted; she could not now escape him, he knew her name, he knew her home.

An hour later he started on his backward journey. The great arms of the semaphore along the Dover road were waving an imperative despatch to Mr. Minchin in the city; an express courier was galloping with a letter to Sebastien Picard, his French valet, at Hurley Abbey, ordering that worthy to come and await his master's pleasure at 'The Royal,' Dover, and to bring the travelling curricule with him, everything ready for a foreign tour, within thirty-six hours. A kind of placidity was upon him as he lay back in the coach. Suspense was, so far, over, in that his course was now clearly defined, and that the next few days could only hold the uneventful details of preparation and pursuit. After rehearsing his schemes in his mind, he set himself very deliberately to sleep. And sleep he did with but the intervals for meals and change of horses, for most of the hours that took him from the coast to London Bridge.

The athlete's body is his trained servant, and it will respond to the emergency. Wroth's night in the saddle; his previous night of mingled conviviality and lonely vigil; all the storms of passion that had shaken him these thirty-six hours; his agony of self-contempt; his corrosive bitterness; the shock of recognition, mingled joy and torture; his thwarted tenderness and the struggle between good and evil in murderous rage; the recurrent disappointments of the chase—a stronger frame than his might have been broken by it all! But as the birds have, for that effort which keeps them poised in prolonged flight, a strength of heart not vouchsafed to creatures bound to earth, so this man, despite his reckless tempers and wasted youth, had that something which marked him rare amongst his kind; that strength which in the artist makes the genius in the man of action the conqueror; which was to make of him the lover.

The sun was setting in a crimson sky of good weather promise, and generously tinging the waters of old Thames, when he alighted from the coach on the Southwark side of London Bridge. Glad to stretch his limbs after seven hours of steady posting, he crossed over and made his way rapidly towards Bishopsgate.

## CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN Mr. Minchin, in the trim, discreet little house within Great St. Helen's, where he kept his business offices on the ground floor, and his studiously cosy bachelor establishment on the two stories above, received the despatch from the erratic nobleman, on whose fortunes he had staked so much, he was already in no very pleasant humour. Hitherto rectitude of conduct had been not only part of his intellectual system, but the very essence of his professional pride. He had now—no denying the fact—departed from the rigidly straight course. In his person, a firm of immaculate tradition had been privy to an equivocal act, as he continued painfully to phrase it to himself. The excitement of the fight was over, the great stake was won; but the flush of triumph had faded and reaction had set in. Mr. Minchin, these thirty-six hours, had had time to think. It was in vain that he told himself that desperate cases demand desperate remedies; that the magnitude of the end justified the means; that, even as Crown ministers and generals in warfare have no right to be squeamish at crucial moments, neither was the lawyer justified in sticking at technical trifles when the fortunes of a great family and its utter ruin trembled in the balance. Technical trifles! He could not dismiss the falsification of a special licence as a technical trifle. No amount of proverbial philosophy could assuage his professional uneasiness. And the visit, in the course of this very first day, of the new Lady Wroth, unveiled this time, and as loud-voiced and blatant in her demand for an instalment of her alimony, as she had seemed mysterious, dignified, and low of speech on the previous morning, did not tend to confirm the security of his feelings, as regards the completeness of Lord Wroth's advantages in this great transaction.

'That woman will give us trouble yet,' said he to himself, breathing heavily through his teeth, as the door closed on the flouncing blue velvet mantle. 'Yes. There is no doubt that woman could make things remarkably unpleasant, did she know how. And so astute a person, so consummate an actress——'

He shook his head. How he had been taken in, even he! Yesterday he had actually felt—no, he would not say, attracted exactly, but impressed—yes, impressed. And to-day her impudent good looks had struck him with a new and unutterly distasteful notion. The creature was of the kind he feared, the kind which might very well end by appealing to the taste of such a profligate

as his young client. Here was a contingency he had not sufficiently foreseen. But, in truth, he had had no time to foresee anything during the recent whirlwind.

What of the regeneration of the family? What of the likely duration of the great fortune? A new, gayer, more notorious dance to ruin for the race of Wroth, that was all. He heaved a sigh in the direction of the irreproachable, docile Mary Campbell.

It was in the midst of such meditations that he received the message :

‘Expect me to-night at your house.—Wroth.’

Mr. Minchin turned the sheet over and over in his grey fingers. Impossible to surmise what this might portend. Any freak was to be feared from such a brain. He noted the despatch was from Dover. It would seem as if the bridegroom had the thought of flying the country that held his wife; a very wise proceeding in Mr. Minchin’s opinion. But why the return?

He struck the paper irritably in his perturbation. One thing was clear—my lord meant to spend his wealth recklessly. Twenty pounds or so thrown away for this unnecessary haste.

The lawyer sat musing unpleasantly after his six o’clock dinner. There was no flavour in the glass of brown sherry before him. He even thought Mary Campbell’s cooking had lacked its usual perfection. He felt sure the creature had wept into that fricassee of lamb. There had been a want of crispness about her fried-fish balls, and, in his brief interview to-day, he had marked that her nose-tip was unwontedly rosy. He remembered with discomfort how she had sniffed as he gave her his morning orders.

When Lord Wroth was announced by the little black-garbed body servant, who looked as if he was made of some old deed himself, so faded and dry-as-dust was he, the attorney rose from his seat, with marked disapproval and anxiety.

Pallid, unshaven, mud-stained, in the same riding garments he had chosen for the wedding, Wroth’s appearance confirmed the lawyer’s most uncomfortable suspicions. But after a few words had been exchanged, after the young man, declining refreshment, had taken seat and begun quietly to explain the purpose of his visit, Mr. Minchin almost started to stare at him, passed a hand over his eyes and stared again, as if to make quite sure he was not dreaming. He had seen Wroth in many lights before; in gay humour—not often; in desperate, reckless moods frequently; had

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seen him now mocking, now fierce, now bitingly sardonic ; but never, as to-night, quiet, clear-brained, dignified, positively business-like. It might have been a new man, successor to the great inheritance and to the entanglements of a dead Wroth, and determined to do justice to both.

'I am going abroad, Minchin—possibly for a long period,' Wroth began, as he took a seat opposite his man of law. 'And, by the way, this reminds me ; you will please send a note at once to my lodgings for my landlord there. There is not much time for my preparations—he must have it to-night.' So saying, he reached for paper and pen on a side table and scribbled a few lines which he folded and directed.

'Yes, I am going abroad,' he resumed, when Mr. Minchin, ringing for the famulus, had sent the man on the errand. 'I find it necessary to start to-morrow. I shall require a large sum of money, both in hand and abroad. During my absence it is my wish that you should examine and put in the way of settlement every just claim against me. I shall keep you constantly acquainted with my address, that you may consult me upon any point that may appear necessary. You have already given me details, I believe, of the extent of my new fortune. But I have not carried the figures in my head, I am only aware vaguely of its magnitude. I should like to go into the matter fully with you to-night, in view of certain expenditures which it is my intention to make in connection with the estate.'

Mr. Minchin's glance was fixed on the handsome face. Astonishment began to give way to an increasing sense of self-satisfaction ; a glow crept to his cheeks. Here, then, was the reward for his daring ; the acknowledgment of his subtle strategy ; the guerdon of all his troubles and bitter anxieties. But for his daring stroke, his stroke of genius, this transformation would never have taken place ; this rational young nobleman would now be an exile from his dismantled home, only escaping the debtors' prison by the privilege of the rank he had disgraced. The downward course once started, the ultimate destruction would have come with dizzy swiftness.

The attorney slowly addressed himself to his neglected glass, and rediscovered the admirable nuttiness of his sherry. He rubbed his hands. His sharp smile took a positive tenderness as Worth proceeded in the same deliberate, masterful tones :

'I understood you to say there was a large balance of accumu-

lated interest available. No doubt these sums have been invested, but I should propose to draw upon that fund for the settlement of debts and my immediate expenses.'

'Quite so, my lord. There is something like a hundred thousand—four years' accumulations—which, with the income of the investments——'

Wroth raised his hand. 'One moment, Mr. Minchin, before going into that. I will, if you please, conclude the statement of my plans.'

Mr. Minchin stared again; then a chuckle escaped him:

'Upon my word,' he thought, 'he's got a strain of the City grandfather in him, after all. And 'tis I shall have discovered it. Yes, I am all attention, my lord,' he said.

As Wroth proceeded, the grey head nodded approvingly from time to time. Quite so. He was unreservedly of his lordship's opinion. All moneys expended, within reason, on the estate, must be regarded as a reinvestment. The place was a waste, as his lordship said. The park and woods must be replanted. Quite so. And the house—in a sad state of dilapidation, Mr. Minchin had lamented it on more than one occasion—put in thorough repair. That was imperative. Certainly Mr. Bertram might be trusted, with sufficient help, to remain in charge at the Abbey during the carrying out of the work.

It was only when the young man's voice, a little husky with fatigue, but unfalteringly clear and precise, went on to give orders anent the church and its restoration, that the lawyer's face became overshadowed again.

Here was the first sign of returning folly. Restore the church!

'Surely, my lord . . . your lordship has made such admirable resolutions, showed so much sense, and if I may so phrase it, so much business capacity, up to this, that I venture to lay before you the disadvantage of an unnecessary expense of this kind, when so great demands are being made upon your funds. Ruins are very picturesque in a park. Restoration of the church! Is your lordship aware of the magnitude of the undertaking?'

Wroth raised his eyes from the contemplation of his ringless hands. He drew his brows swiftly together:

'Won't the fortune stand it?'

'Oh, certainly, my lord—certainly the fortune will stand it. But I should fail in my duty did I not point out——'

'Your duty to-night, Mr. Minchin, is to note my instructions.'

Their glances met. Again the unwonted red flickered on the attorney's cheekbones. He did not quite know what to make of this unknown spirit that seemed to have taken possession of Lord Wroth's handsome young body. The old extravagance was breaking forth, yet with a difference.

'And see,' went on Wroth, 'that the best man in England has charge of it—and, mark you, not a stone but in its old place, not a crocket or a leaf from the fellow's own fancy. Is this quite clear? It shall stand, I tell you, in its ancient glory.'

Mr. Minchin, this time surreptitiously, turned a curious look upon the speaker. Wroth's eyes were wide. He seemed to be fixing some distant vision of beauty. His lips were parted upon a faint smile. The lawyer came as near an internal oath as his correct attitude of mind had ever approached.

'Confound the young man . . . looks like a poet now!'

The far-away eyes came back to reality with swiftness. Mr. Minchin shifted uneasily from the sharp, questioning glance that fell upon him. Coughing behind his hand:

'Quite so, my lord,' he affirmed. 'Sir John Soane is no doubt the proper man for the purpose—or Mr. Wilkins, perhaps. And as your lordship said, all restoration to the property may, after all, be regarded as an investment to the profit of your lordship's descendants.'

No sooner had the words left his lips than he realised their enormity.

The blood welled to Wroth's face in an angry wave. The heavy lids fell over his eyes, the wings of his nostrils dilated upon his quick breathing. The attorney coughed again; made a pretence of drawing forth his note-book and entering the heads of his instructions. But the silence pressed even upon his unsensitive imagination with a horrible intensity. Mr. Minchin, however, as he had already proved, was a man of good courage. The very essence of his vocation in life, as he was fond of saying himself, was the grasping of the nettle. He closed the book with a snap, and, looking up, remarked in his quietest business voice:

'Lady Wroth called on me this very morning, my lord, and I handed her the first instalment of her allowance.'

The blood ebbed so quickly from the young man's face, that again, for an instant, his companion had a sense of alarm.

'A glass of wine, my lord,' he cried, reaching out for the decanter.

But Wroth motioned the attention from him with impatient hand. Some curious pride of profession jubilated within the lawyer's soul.

'I'll make a man of him—I'll make a man of him yet!' he said to himself. 'Your lordship,' he pursued, 'would have done better with Mary Campbell. I may tell you that the lady of your choice was scarcely satisfied with the generous, very generous provision for her. And in other ways, besides economy——' He broke off; Wroth had clapped a hand upon his wrist.

'Minchin,' he whispered, 'that knot you've tied so carefully and so tight about my neck . . .' the cold fingers relinquished their touch, and Wroth was now pulling at his stock with much the same gesture he had used in the churchyard after the marriage ceremony. 'That knot you tied,' he went on; 'can it never be undone, man—never?'

Mr. Minchin stared; for once his excellent composure failed him. The answer leaped from his mouth before he had time for reflection:

'The marriage could be annulled—annulled, my lord—and a pretty kettle of fish that would be . . . for us all, my lord. And your lordship a pauper again. Good God!' he exclaimed, as the idea struck more piercingly home, 'you are surely not thinking of any steps in that direction, Lord Wroth! It would be my ruin as well as yours.'

His lips trembled. Truly, truly, the righteous man is punished swiftly who steps one line from the straight path!

Wroth drew back. The sudden light faded from his face; the gleam from his eye. He gave a short laugh—the laugh of past reckless hours.

'Hullo, Minchin, is it as bad as all that? Steeped in crime, and all for me, are you? No, never fear, I'll not go back on you. And pauper, you say? I can't afford it, and that's the ugly truth. Gad, no, I can't afford, now, to be a pauper!' He fell silent on the thought; his mind worked. 'It's devilish! A pauper and she so rich. A pauper? Worse than pauper, bound by debt, ruined, a disgraced man. . . . And she, rich, to go to her with a sordid scandal, the mud of the courts reeking with the notorieties of a fraudulent, ignoble marriage! Impossible! . . . So it's tied for life, is it?' he cried again aloud, with still his laugh of self-mockery. 'No way out of it, eh? Not even with your legal twists and wriggles?'

Mr. Minchin passed a hand across his damp brow.

'There is divorce, of course. Divorce would not invalidate the provisions of the will as the annulment undoubtedly would. Only . . . ' he paused again. Decidedly the whole business was proving too much for him; he was speaking to-night like the greenest of article clerks.

'Only what, man? Out with it!'

'Divorce can only take place in cases where the contracting parties have actually lived together. Now you and Lady Wroth—'

He broke off again, for Wroth turned upon him with a murderous look. The young man rose abruptly from his seat, and walked over to the window, flinging the curtain aside to gaze out into the night. An unseen moon silvered the edge of the roofs and tower of St. Helen's. An oil lamp flickered, orange and yellow, at each corner of the little court, and against one of them the budding branches of a lilac tree nodded and beckoned. A few window squares shone warm out of the opposite houses—for the rest, all was dark and silent.

'I was about to remark, my lord,' proceeded Mr. Minchin desperately, 'that Lady Wroth or yourself—'

For the third time he was interrupted. Wroth wheeled round, with all the old fierce passion in his mien, with something added, a deeper, angrier note, as of fuller manhood and more bitter understanding.

'Never mention that name to me again,' he thundered.

And then he came back slowly to the table, sat down and dropped his head upon his hands.

'My God,' he said in a kind of cry: 'We have made a success of this business, have not we, Minchin, a complete success?'

Hard into the night the two men sat together. But never a word passed between them, from that moment forward, but dealt with the severest detail of accounts, powers, and authorities.

And about that time, Sebastien Picard, the French valet, overjoyed at the thought of returning to his native land, after so many years, was eagerly applying his *valet de bonne maison* cleverness to all the preparations required for a long tour abroad.

(To be continued.)

*A CHRISTMAS TEA PARTY.*

SOBER little mother-mite,  
 Let me be your guest to-night :  
 In your sawdust family  
 None shall be more staid than I ;  
 Wooden Jim and China Jane,  
 Charlotte of the unkempt mane,  
 Jack the sailor, George the Greek,  
 Sarah with the inward squeak ;  
 Rabbit white, nor poodle shaved,  
 Shall not be more well-behaved  
 Than this Elder, if you'll let  
 Him his *elderness* forget.

Mother-maiden, while you pour,  
 I become a child once more ;  
 And child-wonders come again  
 As they used to, in my brain.  
 Why, I wonder, as we gaze,  
 Jack and I, upon the glaze  
 Of your tea-pot, do we see  
 Things as they ought not to be ?  
 China Jane's reflected queerly,  
 Charlotte is as big, or nearly,  
 As a hippopotamus—  
 And what has befallen us ?  
 Twisted sideways, flattened small—  
 Pray, if you reflect at all,  
 Mr. Tea-pot, bear in mind,  
 Twisting people is not kind.  
 Then I wonder (and my ears  
 Strain as in those far-off years)—  
 If they speak, I wonder what  
 All those children in the pot  
 Talk about : if they discuss  
 Why the tea should be for us !



But perhaps, for we can't see  
On the other side, a tea  
For those quaintly-mirrored imps  
May be served—and served with shrimps!

‘One last cup, and then to bed,’  
So the mother-mite has said,  
Shaking gravely golden curls;  
Kisses then her boys and girls,  
And, with sweet maternity  
Which makes the World one family,  
Kisses dog and rabbit white. . . .  
Yet before we say good-night  
One last cup! and one last look  
At my fancy's picture-book,—  
At the brown-glazed tea-pot globe;  
One last wonder would I probe.  
For I see there (as one sees  
In a dream, deep mysteries  
Hedged about with commonplace),  
First, a far-off childish face  
Softly set with golden locks,  
Here a plaything, there a box,  
Dolls a-row, and tea-cups laid,  
All the nursery-world portrayed.  
Ah! if I might understand  
All this child grasps in her hand!  
’Tis the Image of our life;  
Things as they are seen, at strife  
With the real, all we guess  
Must be twisted more or less;  
Dimly-pictured, graceless, odd,  
Are we more than toys of God?

But o'er that sweet childish form,  
Grows imagination warm;  
Of the group that she has kissed  
Sitting midmost, in her fist  
Grasping well the handle brown,  
See her, mirrored with her crown  
Of fairy-gold, her body bent,  
Every faculty intent

## A CHRISTMAS TEA PARTY.

On the handle she would raise.  
 Thus far in the tea-pot glaze  
 I may see, so much discern—  
 Nothing of the lifted urn :  
 Mirrored children, mirrored wall—  
 But the thing that mirrors all  
 That is hidden from my eyes. . . .

Yes, I spoke of mysteries,  
 And the Image of our World  
 Which is mystery-enfurled.  
 Is not Love, that Mystery  
 Greatest of the forms that we  
 Sometimes find set at the Feast  
 (Love's the thing that's twisted least),  
 Is not Love like this bright maid ?  
 With her soft hands gently laid  
 On a handle which sustains  
 That viewless circle where she reigns,  
 In which we move like shadows, till  
 Love comes and says : ' Night falls, be still !'  
 Comes with golden crown, and saith :  
 ' One last cup—and so to death.'

ARTHUR F. WALLIS.

## EDWARD LEAR.

How many children will receive a 'Nonsense Book' this Christmas?—few, I trow. How many parents could pass a standard examination in the works of Edward Lear, whose rhymes were the joy of our grandfathers?—not many, I fear. Yet there is no reason which I can fathom why he should not be as intimate a friend of our families as are Æsop, and Grimm, and Stevenson—he, the merryman *par excellence* of mid-Victorian days. The fact, nevertheless, remains as a national misfortune; but signs are not wanting that a remedy is forthcoming. The reappearance of the 'Limerick,' with its attendant lawsuits and disappointments, has drawn once more into quasi-prominence the name of the maddest master that ever compelled rubbish into rhyme; not that Lear 'the Nonsense-Man' claims the credit of having invented that particular mode of verse (or worse), but he is drawn forth from his well-earned slumber to stand as a model for all the daft disciples of to-day who attempt to emulate his glorious absurdity and noble inconsequence in order to secure a grand piano or an old-age pension from a London newspaper.

Another, and a more fortunate, circumstance inspires the hope that Lear will soon become the fast friend of our children and contemporaries. The public is now the possessor of the first book that has ever been published about this 'Bosh-master,' as he once described himself; and for it we have to thank Lady Strachey, who bears a name that has often appeared under 'appreciations' of Edward Lear and his work in the old days—the name of Sir Edward Strachey, a lifelong friend of the Nonsense Man. To this lady we are indebted for a delightful volume of 'Letters of Edward Lear,' whose quips and quiddities will certainly add to the gaiety of many a Christmas party. True, Lady Strachey has confined herself to letters written by Lear to Lord Carlingford and to Frances Lady Waldegrave between the years 1847–1864; but these, with all their jokes and sketches and quaint comicalities, form an admirable introduction to a fuller knowledge of the jester of our childhood. But they show more than the measure of his mirth; sometimes these letters divulge a strain of despair and disappoint-

ment running through a constitution that was never strong and a career that was never quite successful; and sometimes a depth of feeling that no masquerade could hide.

That was Lear's temperament; he would probably have called it 'pendulacious,' for it used to swing him from the mad heights of merriment to the opposite extreme of aching desperation. His only ambition was to be a great artist, and to be recognised as such; sorrowfully we must regret that this was denied him by contemporaries, and that his posterity shows no sign of reversing the judgment of an earlier generation. Such lack of appreciation preyed on him to a great extent, especially during his latter years, and overwhelmed his lonely and sensitive nature with a sadness of which only his nearest friends were conscious.

Edward Lear was intended by nature to be an artist, and one of high calibre. He seems to have been born with a paint brush in one hand and a palette in the other; and this (if true) was lucky, for he had to draw for his bread and cheese from the age of fifteen until he died a worn-out old man of seventy-five. In a letter to his friend Franklin Lushington, he confesses to have begun by drawing 'uncommon queer shop-sketches, selling them from ninepence to four shillings—colouring prints and fans—awhile making morbid disease drawings for hospitals.' Then we know from various sources that he was employed by the Zoological Society, and became first-rate at coloured drawings of birds, during which time he helped in the preparation of Gould's 'Birds of Europe,' and so was made known to his future patron and steadfast friend Lord Derby, who engaged him to reproduce in colour large numbers of animals and birds for the famous, and now very rare, Catalogue of the Knowsley Menagerie. Here the artist spent four of the happiest years of his life (1832-1836); and, in the bosom of the family to which he had become so much devoted, he invented his first book of Nonsense Verses for the entertainment of his patron's children. To their descendants many years afterwards he dedicated the first of these 'Nonsense' volumes, and opened with the (at any rate temporarily) immortal verse

'There was an old man with a beard,  
Who said "It is just as I feared," etc.

It would almost seem that at this time he was trying, in his kindly way, to instruct the youthful mind in the rudiments of geography, for he draws his heroes and heroines from such unus-

pected places on the earth's surface. It is true that the idea of composing such rhymes was suggested to him by a friend at Knowsley, who, in an unguarded moment, uttered the pregnant words 'There was an old man of Tobago.' That was enough for Lear, and he ransacked the index to the Atlas of the World to find the names of places from which 'an old man' or 'an old lady' might (or might not) have come—always, as I believe, with the idea of education in disguise. Thus he commandeered Smyrna, Ischia, Columbia, Madras, and Moldavia to serve his purpose; but for ingenuity of rhyme I am inclined to divide the first prize between the old man

'. . . . of Abruzzi,  
So blind that he couldn't his foot see,'

and his aged companion the

'. . . . old man of Thermopylae  
Who never did anything properly.'

I suppose nobody knows how many of these verses Lear wrote in his lifetime, for one finds them scattered about Great Britain and the Continent in the houses of his friends and acquaintances, verses which have never appeared in the four published Nonsense Books. But Lear's unquenchable fountain of fun was not confined to the limits of Limericks. His prose stories for children were, and are, enchanting. Do you remember the Four Children who went round the world and, in the course of their voyage, came to a land 'where the uncooked fish complained of the cold, and mentioned the difficulty of sleeping on account of the noises made by the Arctic Bears and the Tropical Turnspits'? Do you remember the further country which they visited, 'inhabited by countless multitudes of white mice with red eyes, slowly eating custard pudding'? And then the Nonsense Cookery Book with its miraculous recipe for (amongst other dishes) an Amblongus Pie, ending 'Serve up in a clean dish and throw the whole out of window'; the Nonsense Botany parodying with his pen the appearance of plants, and labelling them 'Manypeeplia Upsidownia' and the like. What joy is in store for the generation that knows not Lear and his Limericks in prose and rhyme! But the nonsense, pure and undefiled, that flowed from this eccentric brain welled over into nearly every circumstance in his life. His diaries are at times intensely comic, likewise some parts of his published travels, also his private

letters to all sorts and conditions of persons. Lady Strachey provides us with a rich feast of Lear's good things, including a pencil sketch of the famous individual

'. . . . who said "How  
Shall I flee from this terrible cow?"'

and whose features are now imperishably engraved upon the trade-mark of a New Mexican cattle ranch. She also gives us dozens of specimens of his new spelling—(American Presidents and publishers please note!)—such as rox, boox, Wusstusher (Worcestershire), 40scue (Fortescue), stewjew (studio), and B4 (before), which were the delight of those friends in whose letters they occurred. Of riddles, as of Limericks, he could make no end: after assuring us that we can never starve in the desert because we may eat the sand-which-is under our feet, he proceeds to ask 'Why are the sandwiches there? Because there the family of *Ham* was bred and mustered.' Once more, he wrote in a letter to Lord Northbrook, 'What is the difference between typhus fever and the sixth book of the "Iliad"? One is an epidemic, and the other is a demi-epic.' And, for foreign consumption, he invented the following as *pièces de résistance* when he dined out abroad:

'Quand est-ce que vos souliers font vingt-cinq?  
Quand ils sont neuf et treize et trois (neufs et très étroits)  
Pourquoi dois-tu chérir la chichorée?  
Parceque c'est amère (ta mère).

Let it not be thought that Lear was only a poet in the Limerickian sense. The very mention of 'The Cumberbund'—to say nothing of 'The Akhund of Swat'—should dispose of such an idea. The Cumberbund was written after Lear had spent a very few weeks in India, quite long enough to see how pretty a 'derangement of epitaphs' he could produce from the vernacular:

'She sat upon her Dobie to watch the Evening Star,  
And all the Punkahs as they passed cried, "My! how fair you are!"'

I will conclude the professionally comic side of Lear with a verse that caught my eye as I was looking over a collection of his letters to Lord Northbrook. He calls it a preface to a poem entitled 'Mrs. Jaypher' (which I do not think has yet been published), and he adds the stage direction that the verse is to be read sententiously and with grave importance:

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'Mrs. Jaypher found a wafer  
Which she stuck upon a note ;  
This she took and gave the cook.  
Then she went and bought a boat  
Which she paddled down the stream,  
Shouting " Ice produces cream,  
Beer when churned produces butter !  
Henceforth all the words I utter  
Distant Ages thus shall note—  
" From the Jaypher Wisdom-Boat."

Capital nonsense this ; and the merest Philistine can sympathise with Mr. Ruskin, who wrote, ' I don't know any other author to whom I am half so grateful for my idle self as Edward Lear. I shall put him first of my hundred authors.'

Now we must return to Lear at Knowsley Menagerie, after this long expedition into his drolleries. After four years' work his strength fails, and through the generosity of his patron he is sent abroad—nominally to paint, but in reality to preserve his health. We need not follow him through all his wanderings, which lasted, off and on, for forty years ; but a glimpse into his sketch-books—of which he published several—may not be without entertainment. Instructive also are these volumes, for in each of them he sets down with considerable knowledge the natural beauties, geological formations, and striking characteristics of the places and people among which he moved. The first travel-book was on Albania and Illyria, and is perhaps the best of all. It is instinct with life and beauty : one hardly knows whether to commend the text or the pictures the more. Note the difficulties of getting about in those restless countries in the remote days when, unless the artist wore a fez, ' my head was continually saluted by small stones and bits of dirt.' . . . ' Shaitan ! Shaitan ! ' (devil) cry the crowds around his easel as they pelt him ; ' we will not be written down. This " Frank " is a Russian, and he is sent by the Sultan to write us all down before he sells us to the Russian Emperor.' But the artist did not always receive such rough treatment. On one occasion he was taking coffee with a civil postmaster when suddenly he put his foot on to a handsome pipe-bowl. ' These things ' (he explains apologetically) ' are always snares to near-sighted people moving over Turkish floors, as they are scattered in places quite remote from the smokers, who live at the farther end of prodigiously long pipe-sticks.'

However, *crash* went the bowl, but not a Turk moved. Lear apologised profusely through the medium of Giorgio, his

faithful servant, to whom the Mahomedan official replied, 'The breaking of such a pipe-bowl would indeed, under ordinary circumstances, be disagreeable; but in a friend every action has its charm.' Certainly it is a sprightly and amusing book, full of quaint observation, sound reflection, and racy accounts of difficulties and dangers. In the eyes of many its value will be enhanced by the knowledge that, after reading it and seeing the sketches therein contained, Alfred Tennyson wrote to 'E. L.' the poem beginning

'Illyrian woodlands, echoing falls  
Of water,' etc.

in appreciation of its worth.

Other works of similar kinds followed at an interval of a few years apart, setting forth in considerable detail the daily events of the artist's journeys in the kingdom of Naples, the States of the Church, and Southern Calabria. In this last-named volume Lear reproduces with much satisfaction the verses written to him by one Don Antonio after seeing his sketches:

'Genius of Albion, hail! What joy to see  
The landscapes glowing on the tinted board,  
Fair children of thy thought, so wondrously  
Drawn with thy magic brush from Nature's hoard!'

Lear, as I have said, was very sensitive to praise or blame: he treasured up, and liked repeating, any words of genuine appreciation of himself or his works which came to his ears. He did not at all relish being called 'Shaitan' by the populace who ought to have liked him; but his sense of humour drowned his humiliation when he found that by bouncing his india-rubber on the ground ('accidentally—on purpose') he immediately gained the respect which the ignorant pay to the unknown, for the crowd fled away in terror at the sight of this thing possessed by the devil, and left him to paint in peace.

The last book of travel was written about Corsica; not so good as the earlier ones, perhaps; for he undertook a rough and difficult journey, mainly under the ægis of a disagreeable coachman who insisted on introducing him in every village as the 'Finance Minister of England.' On venturing to ask why he was thus described, Lear was informed: 'Partly because you wear spectacles and have an air of extreme wisdom, and partly because I must say something.' This was the same cheerful individual who was so much disturbed by the notes of the familiar cuckoo that he burst out 'May all the

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Parliament of Heaven be so full of these nasty cuckoo birds that the Saints and Apostles may not be able to hear themselves or each other speak.' These are the only published records of his travels, but they by no means exhaust his journeys, which extended to Corfu and Sicily, to Egypt and Palestine, and lastly to India at the invitation of his old friend and benefactor the Viceroy, Lord Northbrook, to whom he bequeathed his diary and some two thousand sketches.

Recently, when staying at Stratton, the present Lord Northbrook showed me Lear's diary, kept with great regularity, during the eighteen months that he toured through the Indian Empire, and I was also allowed to glance at a few of the letters which passed between the painter and the proconsul during the twenty-five years of their correspondence. Again, one was amazed at the endurance of this delicate man, roughing it all over India and sketching, as if for dear life, the whole time. But I am anticipating. On the voyage out to Bombay—it took twenty-seven days in a Rubattino steamer from Genoa in 1873—Lear was accosted by a 'German pessimist.'

G. P.: You wear spectacles always?

E. L.: Yes.

G. P.: They will all crack in India; you pair no use.

E. L.: But I have many pairs.

G. P.: How many?

E. L.: Twenty or thirty.

G. P.: No good; they will all crack. One should have them of silver.

E. L.: But I have, several of silver.

G. P.: No use; they will rust; you might have of gold.

E. L.: But I have some gold ones.

G. P.: That is more worse; gold is always stealing.

From Bombay, where his astonishment at all the wonders of the East knew no bounds, he made for Allahabad to meet the Viceroy in camp, but chafed under the regality of so unaccustomed a life which irked him and made him ill. Then to Benares, which he described as 'one of the most abundantly buoyant and startling radiant places, of infinite bustle and movement. Constantinople and Naples are simply dull and quiet in comparison.' After Benares to Calcutta, where he is disappointed and thinks India a hollow pretence and a waste of time. Such is this (rather spoilt) creature of moods—'this child,' as he generally calls himself. At Darjeeling we find him enthusiastic over the 'wonderful view of Kichinjunga,' an oil picture of which now hangs at Stratton. And so on

through the 'show places' of Agra, Lucknow, and Delhi; now and then in a native State, here praising everything and everybody, there causing the very earth to shake with his lamentations about food, lodging, coolies, and all else beside. Of the laundry-work he writes a most realistic description to the Viceroy; it will be recognised as accurate by every cold-weather tourist: 'Does your Excellency know that in various places in your Empire the Dobies fill shirts, drawers, socks, etc., with stones, and then, tying up the necks, bang them furiously on rocks at the water's edge until they are supposed to be washed? Surely, no country can prosper where such irregularities prevail.'

He also sums up his attitude towards the elephant in a manner which is kind but firm: 'To this day an elephant is too much for me. I don't mount those that are sent for me to ride. I just make an apologetic bow and regard them with remote veneration.'

Of course, wherever he went everybody was on the look-out for Mr. Lear, the 'Nonsense Man.' Equally, he was on the look-out for other people—to avoid them; for he was not a gregarious person. Now and then, however, he found congenial acquaintances, generally where there were children about, and then he spent long evenings in their company, writing nonsense verses, drawing impossible sketches, and singing Tennyson's songs to music of his own composition. He was gratified to discover how popular his Nonsense Books were in India, 'even in spite of Madame de Bunsen saying that she would never allow her grandchildren to look at my books, inasmuch as their distorted figures would injure the children's sense of the beautiful; and in spite of the admonitions of other sagacious persons as to my perversion of young folks' perceptions of spelling and correct grammar.'

Indeed, it is quite touching to read the little story of the child (of his landlord at some small inn) for whom he was drawing an owl, when up came a diminutive companion, who said, 'Oh, do draw a pussy too; for you know they went to sea in a boat with lots of honey and plenty of money wrapped in a 5*l.* note.' Lear was, naturally, enchanted, and sketched in a cat.

It is hardly necessary to follow the artist in all his wanderings up to Simla and down again to the plains and to Southern India (where he made a very remarkable journey) and Ceylon; it is perhaps enough to record that in India, as in Europe, he was always joking as he worked, and that his artistic talent seemed to lie

in the faithful reproduction of the minutest details of his landscape, together with an astounding capacity for representing distance and varying distances; whereas life—people, animals, etc.—he seldom troubled about on canvas, and still more rarely did he depict action with success. But there is no denying that Lear's best water-colours are very good indeed, nor that if he had exercised a judicious selection of his exhibition pieces, instead of hanging good, bad, and indifferent pictures together in Stratford Place and elsewhere, his value at the time would have been considerably enhanced. As it was, he was very seldom dissatisfied with his work—happily for him—nor did he, until the day of his death, fully understand the reason why he lacked a certain portion of public esteem. His enormous output of sketches must, one cannot help thinking, have cheapened him in the public eye; it may also have lessened the quality of his labour at the same time. However all this may be, the sad truth remains that Lear as an artist found it exceedingly hard to ply his craft with such approval as to pay his way, with the result that he was constantly in what he used to call the Straits of Tin-to, and had to be piloted through them by the generosity of a few of his old friends. It is apropos of his charming illustrations to Tennyson's Poems (and not quite irrelevant to the matter of his financial embarrassments) that he describes, in a letter which I came across the other day, the subject for his next big picture as being 'Enoch Arden looking out for a ship, and crying sadly, "No Sale! No Sale!"'

Outside his nonsense and his art there remains to be considered the private Lear, as portrayed in his voluminous correspondence with intimate friends. I believe there is a picture of him, painted by himself, at Liverpool, but I have not seen it. Nevertheless, I know—we all know—what he was like in the flesh, for he constantly caricatures himself as 'An old man of' somewhere or another: he is the tall stout individual with a thick neck and small peering eyes protected by large round spectacles, with scanty hair brushed back from a high forehead; with what he describes as 'a well-developed nose' and a thick curly and unkempt beard 'which resembled a wig.' He was the person whose 'figure is perfectly spherical, who weareth a runcible hat'; a large ungainly figure clad in a loose and ill-fitting coat, with baggy trousers and a voice as small as that of conscience. He was the darling of children, who were attracted as much by his spectacles as by his singing of

nonsense rhymes. In Corsica he tells us that a little girl ran up to him and said, 'Comme il est charmant, ce Monsieur, avec ses beaux yeux de verre'; and another small admirer, with equal simplicity, remarked, 'Que vos grandes lunettes vous donnent l'air d'un grand hibou.'

As is so often the case, this lonely bachelor, who cared intensely about children, cared little for the society of others outside his own family circle and a few chosen friends to whom he was passionately attached. His letters to Chichester Fortescue and to Lady Waldegrave prove how strong was his devotion to those with whom he regularly corresponded; how his time and advice were ever at their disposal. Nowhere does his impulsive nature show its merits and defects more clearly than in his correspondence, which has the supreme merit of reflecting his mood of the moment with fatal accuracy. One cannot candidly say that all the letters selected by Lady Strachey are of great value; those, for instance, dealing with the succession to the throne of Greece and the question of the Ionian Islands have very little importance save that which attaches to the remarks of an amateur politician on the spot; whilst his theological disquisitions and self-questionings can only be justified of their inclusion in the 'Letters of Edward Lear' in order to prove that he was a man whose convictions on certain aspects of personal religion were both deep and strong.

To Lord Northbrook he wrote in later days as fully as ever he did to Chichester Fortescue. His exile from friends and feeble health combined to make him devote whatever time he could spare from painting to pouring out his soul in letters to loved ones far away, and the Stratton correspondence is a 'human document' if ever there was one. Most of these letters to Lord Northbrook were written after Lear had built for himself the Villa Emily at San Remo, at which he lived in comparative peace, until the construction of a vast hotel in his immediate neighbourhood ruined for him all prospect of that beauty and solitude on which he had set his heart. 'That brutal hotel, which I have never entered and never will,' was also the indirect cause of further money troubles, since it necessitated the building of the 'Villa Tennyson' whilst 'Emily' was still on the artist's hands, a greatly depreciated property; it also vulgarised San Remo to a degree which Lear deplored in a characteristic note: 'X. is coming here soon; so are the Sultan, Arabi Pacha, Wickliffe, Queen Elizabeth, and the twelve Apostles; everybody you ever heard of seems to crop up



by degrees.' Many people used to 'crop up' at Lear's house to see his paintings and sketches, but such was his cloistered character towards the end of his life that he used to answer the door-bell himself, and if the visitor was unsympathetic (or a German) he or she was surlily refused admittance, whilst old friends received a genial welcome. All of which was very excusable, perhaps, but bad business, for which he ultimately had to suffer. When he was well his companionship must have been delightful, for he was prodigal in the exercise of his talents as an entertainer. He could converse on every subject grave and gay, could draw and extemporise rhymes with bewildering rapidity, could sing with an emotion which quite replaced his almost non-existent voice. He was also a mild politician—at least, so one would gather from some of the correspondence—and was particularly interested in the fortunes of the Whig Governments when they included his friends Carlingford and Northbrook. But when the Irish apple of discord divided the Liberal party he turned with great animosity against Mr. Gladstone and all his works. 'I am so glad' (he writes to Lord Northbrook) 'that you will not take office under the Duke of Dulcigno, Marquis of Merv and Majuba, Count of Cairo and Cartoum. Though no Polly Titian, I should not be a bit surprised to know that the Isle of Wight was made over to Russia, and Ireland to America, with a Republic in England, even before I die.'

Such a man, then, was Edward Lear: great-hearted and good to man and beast whilst his strength lasted; a faithful friend in trouble, as I could prove from letters written by him to those in deep distress; a whimsical talented man, whose striking originality was strangely mated to his inordinate energies and capacity for taking pains. He died at San Remo in the early part of 1888, having outlived nearly all his contemporaries, and some time after the heyday of his popularity, yet leaving many friends in most parts of the world to mourn his loss. It was at the suggestion of Lord Northbrook that Mr. Lushington caused the following lines from Tennyson's poem to be written upon the stone that marks his grave:—

'All things fair  
With such a pencil, such a pen,  
You shadowed forth to distant men,  
I read, and felt that I was there.'

Is there a niche for Lear in the Temple of Literature and Art?  
I am not critic enough to say, nor does anybody seem certain on

the point. This much, however, may be averred—that no subsequent writer has quite taken his place, though many have written brilliant nonsense since the Learics were published. This fact may not pass him on to the Walhalla of the mighty men of words; but, if he be refused admittance there, he will certainly be found, like Francis Thompson, in the nurseries of Heaven amongst the children who were his heart's delight.

IAN MALCOLM.

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### THE BOOK ON THE TABLE.

A LITTLE more than six years ago there appeared a fascinating romance of the Sherwood Forest in the early days of the nineteenth century, which found here and there an ardent admirer, but for the most part attracted less notice than it seemed to deserve. The author, Mr. James Prior, laboured, indeed, under heavy disabilities. His manner and method were hopelessly English; his theme afforded no subject-matter of debate to young Bohemian clubs; his style had that quiet excellence one accepts complacently as a matter of course, and his outlook on the world and his fellow-men was tainted by optimism. Briefly, in the race against 'great' and 'powerful' and 'daring' competitors 'Forest Folk,' though it possessed in a high degree many elements of popularity, was not the horse on which a public trained to look for inspiration from across the water only was likely to put its money. Merit, however, like murder, will out, and the work recently published, 'A Walking Gentleman,' has opened our eyes to good purpose. Mr. Prior, we are now informed in responsible quarters, is a new and hitherto unknown writer henceforth to be reckoned with in literature. How it comes about that the author of the remarkable and admirable 'Forest Folk' should, six years after its advent, still be regarded as a new writer, when the authors of — and — and — (striking works, no doubt, but not conspicuously of immortal merit) are bright stars in the literary firmament, I cannot stay to inquire. Meanwhile, let us take the good the gods somewhat tardily provide us and be thankful.

To go afoot in days of monotonous mechanical speed is in itself a bracing change, and we have not travelled far before we realise that with the Walking Gentleman, whose other name is Lord Bailey, for companion our experiences by the way will be of no common order.

For there is in this moody, silent, and, if the truth must be told, very inert aristocrat some virtue which discovers precious metal in the veriest clods of humanity. By what process? Who shall say? We only know that there are in life men and women, often the unlikeliest, who have this enviable gift, and that the author has caught one of them and imprisoned him within the pages of

his book. Mr. Prior has inevitably been compared to Borrow. Both take to the open road; each has a curious and insatiable interest in the thoughts and ways of unsophisticated men and women, and here perhaps the likeness ends. If you are hungry for a chapter of 'Lavengro,' the whole of this later book will not content you instead. You will miss the wind-swept space of 'Lavengro,' and the high detachment that in the varied press of life keeps Lavengro himself a thing apart and alone, and gives the much-wandering book its inimitable unity. You will miss, in short, Borrow himself and the sharp edge of his mind. But something perhaps you will get here that you will not find so well in Borrow. In this author of our own day, who sends us tramping with a runaway lord, there is no trace of bitterness. His irony—and there is much irony in his book—is not more hurtful than the irony of sunshine on some patched and faded garment. He has no desire to do righteous murder on even the most despicable of humankind. Mr. Prior is at no pains to separate and classify, with labels of judgment, the intricate strands of social life composing that strangely intermingled fabric we call the English nation. He will not in many pages of minute sarcastic realism prove to us by painful demonstration that the life of an English squire is dull. Nor will he blame him overmuch for the accident of his birth. Instead, he will lead his aristocrat beyond the prison-like walls of his park, and will plunge him straightway into a merry unwashed company of Whitsuntide beanfeasters. So opens the book. And how admirable is the description of the cloudless mid-summer day and its strenuous, perspiring pleasure-makers, who receive the 'counter-jumper,' as his clothes and speech, they think, so clearly proclaim him to be, with open-armed, hilarious hospitality and a measure of good-humoured contempt. The day's events include an impromptu cricket match, a piece of grim bucolic comedy which should start the reader on his way with his spirits weather-proof. That ideal umpire of the Yorkshireman of whom the late Dean Hole tells us: 'a fairish man, but not *too* fair,' would have been over-punctilious for these intemperate cricketers, whose game is one long wrangle, punctuated by more casualties than may befall in a week a marching regiment in time of war:—

'Stick yer bat i' th' block-hull, man, an' pray or oat as keeps yer from thinking o' the baowlin', while th' oad fool of a hoompoire out "Toime." . . . The batsman was going, however, ruefully rubbing the injured joint.

'I've gen yer in, Tom,' said the umpire.

'I know yo've gen me in, thank yer,' said the batsman, 'but I've gen mysen out.'

No less excellently humorous is the feast, with 'the usual toasts,' which follows next, though the humour here has darker shades. There is nothing romantic about the latter end of British feasting. The members of 'the Watford Preservative Club,' tradesmen, colliers, countryfolk of all sorts, their wives and belongings, with all that they have of native wit, sound sense, and fatuous absurdity, sink submerged in swinish, somnolent repletion. Beiley's disgust with himself and with them is complete. And below the disgust lurks dissatisfaction deeper still. He is conscious 'that his time would have been spent *even more futilely, if less grossly, with his habitual companions.*' In a moment the prison-like walls of the park and the purposeless life behind them rise before the mind, and we understand why Beiley is where he is, and why as yet it is not possible that he should return.

Much, indeed, and much that is painful, must happen first. It is painful mostly, unendurable sometimes, to see ourselves as others see us, and this is Beiley's fate. He must hear the crude comments of working men on the rich idler who has broken faith with an unoffending woman; he must bear the brutal truth-telling of the banker who will not take the mere signature of an eccentric and 'untrustworthy person' as security for his money; he must endure the veiled but challenging insult of his equals, and, harder still, the veiled compassion of his equals. The cup of disillusionment is filled on the day when the tramping peer and his companion, the professional tramp, stand together, charged with vagrancy, before the magistrates. In the chairman Beiley recognises one well known to him.

'And you, my man, what is your occupation?' asked his lordship of his lordship. Beiley felt as though he were hung up between earth and heaven, as though nothing remained to be concealed.

'I don't know,' he answered.

If he had had his wits about him he might have answered: a self-indulgence that was too vapid a thing to be called amusement, a languor that was too wearisome to be called ease, a doubt that was too futile to be called scepticism, a dissatisfaction that was too inert to be called revolt.

'Do you mean,' asked the chairman, 'that you have never earned any money at any trade whatever?'

Beiley's recollections went backward through the slothful record, item by item, with an unhasting finger that passed nothing by. He had no thought to hide anything; he felt hung up. If he had been again asked his name he would have answered truly.

'As a musician,' he said at last, hoarsely, remembering Nest-thorpe.

'Ah! It would hardly be vocal. What instrument?'

'The bones and the banjo.'

There was the general laugh.

'Anything else?'

Backward again travelled the finger of his memory, line by line, futile item by futile item, checking everything.

'Yes, at stone-breaking.'

Again the laugh, louder, more general. He remembered, as a far-off thing, that he too had sat on high, apart, and allowed himself to be languidly amused by the follies of poor un-Etoned, unancestored wretches.

'Look at his hands,' said the chairman.

Lord Beiley's nearer hand was just lifted and dropped by the policeman who stood over him and said:

'They're not the hands of a working man, your lordship.'

A word went from the chairman under breath, and a slight glance to right and left meeting glance.

The professional tramp gets his six weeks' 'hard'; the amateur is dismissed to become the prisoner of his own despair. He is in the mood when a conscientious man feels that death is better than he deserves. If he could be sure that beyond there would be nothing—he is very fit to become one with nothing. But if, instead of Nothing there should be Something—a crowd, perhaps, of living spirits—who is he that he should thrust himself upon an unknown company? So low, so desperate seems his fortune that one despairs almost of a solution other than that presented by the wandering maniac, with his ominous offer of a half-crown's worth of rope. The author has his way out, one that commends itself—if one must use great words—to the reason and the imagination, though it must be confessed that there is some loss of mastery on the upward road. We believe, with slight reservations on matters of detail, in Beiley's recovery of himself and of the much-forgiving Lady Sarah, but it is the man of adversity who firmly holds our attention.

It gives a curious zest and flavour to the book, this tragedy of mere inertia, forming as it does the background to a procession of life of extraordinary richness and variety. To turn from Beiley's



night of self-despair to the confident presence of Sambo, that experienced comedian and connoisseur of the public taste in 'legitimate music,' or, better still, to the witty philosopher of idleness and ease, Jack, the tramp, each one of whose sayings cries for quotation, is to get some notion of the author's width of range. Some, indeed, may complain that the author's range is too wide, too comprehensive. There is at times a sense as of humanity pressing in upon one over-closely. All the figures here, however lightly sketched, have come, not from books, but clean-cut from life, and to make acquaintance with one after another in a short space of time has in it something of fatigue, as the same process would have in actual life. Precisely because all is so good one could wish that there had been a little less. One more careful of form and his own fame had, perhaps, from the material here fashioned two works, and each one a more perfect thing. There are, in particular, two chapters, 'Twopence an Hour' and 'The Shadow,' which demand as it were a wider margin, a less engrossing context. Each of these, one thinks, might stand against the best of its kind and lose no colour. Partial quotation would give no idea of the racy, rounded humour of the one, of the spiritual beauty of the other. Singularly impressive are the few pages which tell of the invisible, silent stranger whose footsteps echo Beiley's through the dead of a rainy summer night, until, impelled as by some secret current of affinity, he gives utterance to the love within him which has no shadow, because 'noat'—not Death itself—'can happen now to make my happiness sorry.' Is the sentiment which illumines this dark night too fine? Does it derive from sources too high and pure to be found in the heart of a rough countryman, a casual acquaintance of the high-road? Those, perhaps, who have rubbed most against all sorts and conditions of men will be least inclined to think so.

Here is a book not so much to borrow from the library as to buy and make friends with. And those who have done so may feel inclined to turn back to 'A Walking Gentleman's' predecessor, 'Forest Folk,' where will be found the same sure and humorous grasp of rustic character, perhaps less of ripe wit and experience, but more of story; the same high-couraged philosophy of life, and, in even greater degree, more freely, more spontaneously the very breath and aspect of the country. The earlier work has also—I do not know if it will be considered an advantage; it is at least something of a rarity in the modern novel—a heroine with whom it is possible to fall in love.

ELEANOR CECIL.

KAYUKE AND ALGO.<sup>1</sup>

BY K. AND HESKETH PRICHARD.

TOWARDS the western margin of the Patagonian pampa, a hill stands up solitary in the gaunt sunset land. Thither in remote ages descended the Good Spirit, and sitting in a cave, whose mouth was draped in a snowcloud, he made animals such as the guanaco, huemul and cavy, which he gave to his people, the Tehuelches, for food. Whereupon, some say Gualichu, the Spirit of Evil, more easily moved to action than the sleepy Lord of Good, took up his dwelling in another cave upon the left hand, where he created the puma and the fox to harry and devour the good gifts bestowed upon the tribes.

So runs the legend of the far-off days. But in it the great and real Enemy of this nomadic people has no place. He came long after. Many snows had fallen and many hunting seasons passed over them before he rode out of the east with his troop of pack-horses, having come down in a ship along the stormy coasts, where the spume of the angry seas lies for ever melting and for ever is renewed.

Even the Gualichu, watching from a snow-peak above black forests of antarctic beech, was affrighted at the coming of this Man, for he foresaw that soon he would be a god without a people, a mere abstraction, a vanished superstition. He knew he would one day be caught, imprisoned inside a book, and carried overseas—no more a god. For the first time a thought, untainted by hostility to his tribes, entered into the dark heart of the slinking, formless Spirit. He could look onward to the time when he should no longer lurk at night behind the *toldos* (tents), groaning, till the men and women feared their own shadows. No longer would the dawn see the hunters rush forth, and leap upon their horses, galloping into the sunrise with howls to drive him away to his haunts in the mountains. Under the weight of this foreknowledge, the heart of Gualichu grew sad.

As to the Spirit of Good, he had so long been drowsing that he was become almost nameless among the people. He took no

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heed of the blue smoke that heralded the pale-faced rider, but only turned in his age-long sleep.

So the rider came up out of the east, more perilous than a conquering army, more remorseless than an antarctic winter, though he sat down as a friend by the fires of the *toldos*.

Kayuke was a Tehuelche Indian, whose tribe roamed far from the little settlements white men had begun to plant upon the eastern coasts. He was born under a califaté bush beside the trail his forefathers had trodden through the centuries, following the game upon their migrations north and south on the pampa. The tribe were on the march, and an hour after his birth, Kayuke was riding in his mother's arms towards the warmer north, for behind them the winter was closing down in heavy snow-falls.

Kayuke's father was made glad by the birth of the great brown boy. He was the *Gownok*, the Chief of his tribe, and his people were glad with him. Perhaps the only creature that grieved for the coming of the baby was Panzo, a small yellow dog that the father of Kayuke had adopted, Tehuelche fashion, as his son. Thus if an Indian were to say to the *Gownok*, 'Lend me a horse for the hunting,' he would answer, 'Go, ask Panzo, he has ten horses and thirty mares.' Panzo's reply probably tallied with the *Gownok's* secret wish.

Panzo was petted and made much of, and even had a young *china* (woman) to look after his comfort, until the true heir, Kayuke, opened his eyes upon the light and claimed his own. Then the dog fell to the level of his kin, and knew soreness of heart.

The birth-ceremonies in Kayuke's honour became in after years a tradition. How the tribal wizard cut himself and bled from forehead and fore-arm, and how long the disembowelled horse lived and quivered after the child was placed in his warm body. Thus it was known beforehand how brave a heart Kayuke was destined to carry.

Before he was five he had ridden many hundreds of miles up and down the wild, treeless country. Before he was fifteen, he overtopped six feet, and was become a great hunter, and his father had given to him a *boleadores* weighted with copper balls, very ancient and cut out round with a groove to take the thong. This was the third most important piece of property in the tribe, the first being a broken looking-glass gained in barter from a Chilian pioneer, and the second a cabin-lamp washed ashore from a wreck

just south of where the Rio Deseado pours its volume of dark-hued waters into the Atlantic.

Those were very joyous years for Kayuke. Deep down in his heart he was extravagantly happy, though outwardly he wore a grave face, for he had learned the greatest of Tehuelche arts, the aspect of silent expressionless dignity.

Often in later days Kayuke used to look back to the morning of his life with uncomprehending pain. The golden and white guanaco racing with swinging necks across a scarp, or on the rim of black hills etched out slenderly against the sky; the spring of his horse under him as they flew in pursuit up and down the stony slopes; the unforgotten scent of burning califaté wood that met him when the *toldos* rose in sight, the meal roasted by the camp-fire, and mingled through all these recollections the vague and glowing hopes of youth.

Kayuke had grown to be the first hunter of the tribe. He enjoyed life without recognising the fountain of his joy, caring not why his heart was light in his great chest, why the struggle of the unbroken colt under him wrought up a frenzy of delight in his brain as he put forth his strength and skill to conquer.

In the midst of these pleasures there stole upon him an unaccustomed melancholy, remote yet infinite. He cared no longer for the twilight dance, when the young men with ostrich feathers in their hair circled round the fires to the beating of drums. He longed to be alone, to roam apart like the animals he hunted. He had no clear thoughts perhaps, but he sought and desired the piercing sadness of the sunset land with its uncollected dreams.

Saying no word even to Tanlu, his chosen friend, Kayuke withdrew himself to a solitary spot beside the mouth of a river that pours its waters into the great southern lake. For there were caves with paintings on the rock-faces, where a people now forgotten had made their dwellings in times long past. Kayuke and his tribe had of old feared to linger near these pictures, believing that the hand of the Gualichu had set them on the rock, and when night darkened the water, perchance they sprang from their places, living, and strong-handed and terrible.

But with this new feeling hot in him, the young man lost the old fear. Of all things Kayuke most desired to be alone. The call to go away and brood awhile compelled him, he yielded to an instinct he could not name. Knowing that none would dare to follow him to the caves of the ancients, he went thither, and

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camped beside the river that rolls out of the southern mountains to lose itself in the blue lake, upon whose surface day by day he sat and watched the icebergs drifting.

What he thought of during the long hours he could never have told, for the powerful, untaught brain was dumb. He groped dimly after ideas that escaped him, a surcharge of feeling weighed on his spirit as he stood face to face with nature. Never in his after life did he hear the *pampero* whisper in the broad green flags, or see the crested grebe swim shyly upon the river-pools without remembering those days.

Nightly he would watch the sun sink from the zenith, as if dragged downwards by some giant arm beneath the nameless tumult of the Sierra Nevada, reddening with glory the untrodden peaks, and 'Ah,' would cry the imagination of the solitary, 'it is the camp-fire of the Gualichu that I see.'

Kayuke lingered by the caves, he could not tear himself away from that enchanted isolation. Smokes from the camp of his tribe he disregarded, 'for,' said he, 'my people love to gather themselves together, they fear to be alone, they think there is danger. Ah, they know nothing!'

Until one evening, weary of inaction, he caught his horse and rode towards the group of skin tents at the foot of a *barranca* in one of the titanic rifts of the pampa. Perhaps he was influenced by volumes of smoke from signal fires, they were calling him home. He rode along unwillingly, the wind in his face seeming to thrust him back, but by-and-by came a long-drawn wailing that sent the pulses throbbing in his head. He thrust his heels into his horse's sides and galloped down upon the *toldos*.

'Aigh, aigh, aigh!' the cry of those who mourn for the dead struck him midway in the descent.

'Aigh, aigh, aigh! the great, the wise Gownok! Aigh, aigh, aigh! he is dead!'

The young man flung himself from his horse and bowed his tall head to enter the tent where his father lay dumb and cold. The strong old giant who had so loved him all his life for once took no heed of his coming.

Kayuke beguiled his grief by fulfilling the sacrifices of death with a lavish generosity. The wailing was loud and long. Much silver gear and many horses and dogs were dedicated to the use of the dead Gownok during his nine days' journey to the Spirit-land.

The burial over, the tribe immediately shifted camp, as is their custom when one among them dies. It was on the first march that Kayuke, cantering to his place at the head of the line of horses and people, saw a lad mounted on a restive colt and carrying a brown maiden behind him. He shouted to the boy, who laughed, and his sister also looked towards Kayuke and smiled.

The young man rode on stricken into a sudden heavy silence. For he had read the meaning of his loneliness in the girl's dark eyes; there was the desire of his heart. The calling of the pampa wind, the long, long look of the sunset across the plain, he knew at last what they meant—Algo with her slow smile.

Algo! He had seen her day by day all her life, but with other eyes. His mind groped uncomprehendingly round the thought of her. Was she indeed the same tall girl he had beheld often enough catching and riding half-broken colts with her young brothers? Memories of her, dormant till now, struck at his consciousness with insensate vigour. Algo, Algo! A young laughing face, its gravity lost in play with other girls, guessing herself unmarked. Algo standing in a red shower of sunset against the black background of her mother's *toldo*.

The picture of her burned upon his mind. The splendid, flawless body, sound to the core, untiring strength, bust ripened by the life of the wilderness, long trails of dark hair flying on the wind, shy, dark eyes, and that slow smile—that slow, heart-aching smile he could not rid his soul of!

Days passed. The Tehuelches are a silent people, and even among them Kayuke was held to be one of few words. Now he spoke not at all, not even to his friend Tanlu.

One night by the fire in the *toldo*, his mother, with the black widow-paint upon her face, looking across at him from her seat among the fur rugs and ponchos, spoke.

'Why is your heart heavy, Kayuke? Would you bring a wife to help me in the *toldo*? Let it be according to your desire. I am content, for I grow old.'

Kayuke started as if a touch had been laid upon a wound. He kicked away the dog that lay against his knee, and stood during a moment full of anger.

'To-morrow,' went on his mother, 'I will call Gengel, and tell him——'

But Kayuke cried out, 'No!' and again hoarsely, 'No!'

He ran from the tent. To speak of Algo was more than he



could bear. Gengel, the go-between, a broken tree of a man with limbs gnarled like the roots of a califate bush, and a leer cut on his downbent face. No, no, he must never be allowed to speak of Algo. The primal instinct of the lad-lover was outraged by the approach of speech, laughter and hard bargaining, the customs that ushered marriage.

When at last he came back he crouched sullenly by the embers with his pipe. But the smoke rising in sinuous curves took the form of a tall maiden, and melted before he could dwell upon its beauty. The flames glinted as eyes glint in the meeting with other eyes. The wind cried with a new loneliness through the crevices of the skin *toldo*, and he started up from sleep with the sound of Algo's voice sobbing in his ears.

It was only a dream, but he realised the one penetrating fact that only in his own *toldo*, only when she was his wife, could he stand between Algo and sorrow if it came. This thought forced the barrier of young love's reserve.

In the morning a great hunt of guanacos was to take place. Kayuke, though not yet chosen Gownok in his father's room, had been asked to plan the drive for the hunters. With the first chill of dawn he rose from his ostrich skins in the corner, and putting a pinch of salt in his girdle, he stood with the curtain of the tent in his hand.

'Mother, speak thou to Gengel that he make the marriage bargain, for I desire Algo, the daughter of Chingua the sister of Melowe, to wife.' And so passed out with his heart in his throat.

Gengel's errand was heard gladly in the *toldo* of old Chingua, and with a promise of seven mares apiece to each of Algo's brothers, and an iron cooking-pot for her mother, the contract was made, and Gengel urged upon the family of the bride the wisdom of sending handsome presents in return to the widowed *china*, who sat in Kayuke's tent, grieving, among the old dogs that could hunt no longer.

The day's chase was more than usually successful, pelts of young guanaco were brought back heaped upon the backs of the horses, and much meat to hang from the tent-poles to dry for use during the coming winter.

When Kayuke, outriding the cavalcade on the home-coming, cantered into the camp, he was met with screeching and raillery from the women, for all knew of the mission of Gengel and its

happy issue. The young hunter spurred through the crowd to take refuge in his tent, where his mother still sat brooding beside the ashes. A tumult of contrary feelings clashed within him. He was ashamed but proud, his heart's secret was betrayed, yet he gloried in it. He no longer feared to meet Algo's eyes, he would fain have gone out before all his people and carried her away in his arms to be his wife.

The women, following him to the door of the *toldo*, saw that Orkingen moved not hand or foot, nor raised her eyes to her son. And knowing that her grief must yet lie heavy upon her—for the affections and consequently the capacity for sorrow when bereaved are strongly developed among the Tehuelches—they turned away, leaving her alone with Kayuke.

The young man took his pipe and sat down opposite to her by the fire, and in a few words told her how the hunt had gone, and that many skins were coming, tied on the pack-horses.

The old woman patted down the hair, cut short across her brows since her husband's death, with one hand, and taking the pipe from her lips with the other, answered gloomily :

'It is well. For no marriage-feast canst thou make, my son, until thou hast ridden for barter to the great water.'

'Nay, for my marriage-feast comes if not to-morrow, then the day after,' and Kayuke laughed softly.

But Orkingen shook her head.

'Has Gengel then failed?' Kayuke asked, with a chill of misgiving, in spite of the glad tidings conveyed by the greeting of the women.

'Gengel has in truth struck the marriage bargain,' and she told him the details, 'but,' she added bitterly, 'although Gengel has nuptial jests ready upon his tongue, and knows how to guide the talk that the ears of those who hear drink in his persuasions, he is yet a fool!'

'Why, what has he done?'

'Is it not of common knowledge in the tribe that all her life Chingua has hungered for the iron pot your father brought for me from the coast, when you were but a babe in my arms? Now that the time has come and my son desires her daughter to wife, she has haggled for the cooking-pot, and Gengel has given it in his promises. Wuh! is a girl with long hair like a mare's tail worth so much?'

'Mother, I will ride down to the mouth of the grey river and

fetch you two such cooking-pots if you will,' replied Kayuke soothingly.

'Then go.'

'But after the marriage-feast is over?' he urged.

Orkingen turned her black eyes heavy with reproach upon him.

'And shall a stranger come into my *toldo* and see that her mother in her enviousness has left us beggared? Wherein shall I boil the mare's flesh for the feast? Thy father is dead, and I shall know shame before my tribe!'

The young man said no more. The will of Orkingen must be done. Therefore after all the hunters had eaten, he called together the people and told them of his going.

'Bring me ostrich feathers and skins, the rugs and the ponchos that you have made, and I will ride down to Santa Cruz, to the barter-place before the winter comes down upon us, and there I will buy all that we need. I will take also the troop of colts that my father gave me, and sell them that none may lack for gifts when I come again.'

Kayuke did not know that the Gualichu, from his resting-place above the black forests, heard and sighed, for he foresaw that evil was drawing near, evil far worse than any he had wrought upon the tribes throughout the ages.

But Kayuke, without foreboding, caught the strongest of the young horses, and set a saddle of sheepskins upon him for the first time, and rode him out across the pampa until the creature was almost broken body and spirit—as is the manner of the Tehuelches when horse-taming—and in due time he rode away towards that quarter of the horizon where, as all the tribes know, the sun rises after spending the night-hours in the grey-green and stormy sea.

The grass has grown for many and many a season over the camp-fires beside which Kayuke slept on that journey. For he was yet young and eager and full of hope when he came to the wide river of the Santa Cruz, where a ford lies between barren downs. The current was strong and rapid and he and his troop of horses were forced to wait until the tide ran out of the broad estuary, and at low water the three shingle banks showed in the stream. Still the water was very deep, and Kayuke rolled from his saddle, and holding the mane of his horse, directed it by splashing, and

the rest of the troop he drove before him until they found ground again upon the other side of the river.

He built a fire and tied a strip, torn from his *chiripa* (loincloth) upon a bush near at hand as an offering to the Gualichu. Next morning he rode into view of the settlement, which at that day consisted of a few poor houses by the cold margin of the estuary.

But Destiny stood between him and the colony of the whites. For on the border of the pampa, where no tree grows but only lean thorn bushes, he saw afar off a man with many pack-horses coming out towards him. At first he thought it was only a mirage like many others he had seen, until his horses and the horses of the stranger neighed one to the other as they drew nearer together.

Soon Kayuke could discern the rider, a small man, melon-coloured, much bearded, with heavy cheeks and lips, a huge face overhanging a mean body. To his surprise this man greeted him in his own tongue and asked whither he was bound.

Kayuke replied silently after the manner of his people. He pointed to the skins and ostrich feathers carried by his troop, and then to the group of houses in the distance by the water.

At this the stranger made much show of grief, and warned Kayuke that those who dwelt at the place of barter were evil men, stealers of horses, who knew cunning tricks whereby they could cheat the Tehuelche had he ten eyes instead of two, and that they would take away from him his feathers and rugs, his ponchos and his horses, and make him a slave, putting him to labour at dragging heavy logs up from the beach to build *toldos* of wood on the bank above the water.

And somehow the talk lengthened out, so that by the evening Kayuke found himself encamped in a hollow with his new friend, Rodriguez, who was opening his *maletas* (packs) and spreading out their contents for the Tehuelche to look at.

'What more would you desire?' Rodriguez was saying. 'Here you will see I have *alpargatas* (string shoes), flour, yerba, rich cloths, handkerchiefs of red and of yellow, ornaments for the women, guns even and cognac.'

'Cognac?'—Kayuke repeated the word with his slow intonation—'what is cognac?'

Rodriguez looked hard at the high-featured handsome face of the Tehuelche, and smiled slyly in his heart.

'It is this,' he replied, taking a half-empty bottle from under

his sheep-skin bucking-pad. 'There is a spirit dwells in this water. Thus when a man swallows the water, the spirit enters into him and he becomes a *cacique*, a chief, rich and happy.'

'Wuh, wuh!' exclaimed the Indian, 'a spirit, a Gualichu dwells in the water? What is the meaning of this saying?'

'You shall know all, my brother,' said Rodriguez. 'Lead me to your *toldos*, and there I will trade with you, and live your life and none shall cheat my brothers.'

'How know you of our tribe? We are not of those who come down to traffic with the white men.'

'My spirit made me to hear your horses' footsteps afar off,' Rodriguez answered, 'and behold, I am come forth to meet you. My spirit makes known all things,' he fondled the bottle with his fleshy hand. 'Drink, friend, put my words to the test, and make great thy heart.'

Kayuke drank, and soon the thoughts which for long had troubled him with their vague insistence seemed to grow clear. He understood all things, he felt a new might in his arms, his mounting brain realised glorious dreams. Here was a true Spirit, who made men to become gods and walk the earth!

Next morning the two *compañeros*, with their troops of horses, rode away together into the west.

The trader was crafty. At every halt he 'made great the heart' of Kayuke with the mysterious cognac spirit. And before the brown tents of guanaco skin rose into sight, the young Tehuelche had learnt to believe and to glory in his drunken dreams.

It was thus the arch-enemy of the Indians came amongst them, and the kindly people made for him a *toldo* to the east of the encampment.

Not many days after, when the sky was blue and the sunshine lay warm upon the pampa, though the breeze still blew keen from the mountains, Kayuke combed the mane and tail of his favourite piebald, and loaded it with silver gear. Then he spread the floor of his tent with the richest skins, rugs of ostrich, puma, fox and guanaco, and with cloths from overseas brought by the trader. He bound a band of scarlet about his brows and his dark locks, and throwing a mantle of painted skins upon his shoulders, he set forth to fetch home his bride.

At her *toldo* he dismounted, and pulling the reins over his horse's head, left it standing while he hastily strode within. Round the fire sat Chingua with a circle of black-haired young

men, her sons. These Kayuke saw but dimly, for beyond them in the dusky shadows stood a tall girl, straight and strong and shapely.

The young lover leaped across the skin-strewn floor and caught her royally. Pinioned thus closely, Algo could not resist after the custom of maidens, but she set her white teeth in his wrist, and he carried the little crescent of scars to his dying day.

Then Kayuke rode away with his bride, the people following with shoutings and singing. At once lassos were flung on the chosen mares and knives thrust into their throats. The crowding dogs were driven away from the ofal, usually their portion, for it is unlucky that dogs should taste of a marriage feast. Tanlu, the friend of Kayuke, with the other young men, carried that which should not be given to the people, together with the heart and liver, to a rising down on the pampa, and there made a fire to burn them.

Never had been such a marriage feasting. The painted, child-minded, child-happy savages ate and danced round the fires. Kayuke, with Tanlu sitting beside him, called to Rodriguez to bring the spirit-water to make great their hearts. For Kayuke meant to drink deep, in his guilelessness believing that as he appeared to himself in his drunken fancies, so he would in truth stand out, a glorious being, before the eyes of Algo.

The crafty half-breed came cringing and flattering to the fires, and drove a wonderful trade in the maddening liquor he sold. There was a sudden cry raised of the Gualichu, and in a moment the men had sprung on their horses, and were careering across the treeless land to scare him away according to their ancient rites. Then back to the blazing fires to drink again.

While they feasted the old wizard of the tribe, adorned with lines of white paint upon his cheeks, arose and chanted out a rugged song of blessing, of which a translation runs something as follows :

'All the land is ours, it is crossed and trodden by the trail of the Tehuelches. The Maker of guanacos, He who gives fat to the cavy, Who sleeps in the mountains, is benign to His people. He prospers the breeding of horses.

'And that One who brings evil, who lurks in the darkness behind the skin *toldos*, to cause fear to the people, is scared by the shoutings. He flies to His camp-fires, escapes to the Snow-land.



'But the Father of Hunters, the Lord of the Tehuelches, outstretches His Arm to shield them from evil. He rubs paint on their faces, He wraps them in mantles stripped from unborn *chicitos*. Then sleeps He in peace, when the summer is shining, in the hush of warm valleys.'

At intervals of the chanting, the men, already wrought on by the liquor, howled and pranced in the sunlight round the fires, while the frightened women stood outside the circles, and some even hid themselves in their tents.

But Algo stayed by Kayuke, though the cognac spirit quickened the great, quiet beatings of his heart to turbulence and frenzy, and he boasted and quarrelled and capered in furious evolutions with the young men, till the nodding ostrich plumes upon their heads became broken and draggled. Kayuke seemed to have forgotten his bride; he cried aloud his own praises, his prowess on the hunting-ground, his exploits as a tamer of horses.

As he leaped, whirling his *boleadores* in the air, Tanlu stumbled against him, and both fell together. But Kayuke, maddened by the offence, as he imagined it to be in his drunkenness, caught up a heavy skewer upon which the ribs of a mare were roasting, and shaking the meat from it, hurled it with all his strength at Tanlu. It pierced the mantle of painted skins, and the broad, brown chest beneath, so that Tanlu with one foot in the ashes gasped away his life beside the fire.

Others also, seeing the blood flow, were seized with the fighting-passion, and a battle arose fierce but short among the *toldos*. Unfortunately no one killed Rodriguez. He sought safety in his own tent, and when in time the noise of the fighting died away, he wrapped his greasy poncho round him and peered out into the evening. The men of the tribe lay tossed about the ground in grotesque attitudes, sleeping in the wind. Among them he distinguished the mighty form of Kayuke, the newly-named Gownok, prone upon the bare pampa, his hand laid over the stiffening hand of Tanlu.

Meanwhile Algo sat alone in the *toldo* of her husband, and wept beside the little fire of bush, for she knew the inexorable custom of her tribe. Thus dawn came to the camp.

Kayuke awoke heavy-headed. What was that he had heard? Algo crying on his name. 'Kayuke, Kayuke, come to my aid!' He lay still with a strange throb of fear at his heart. What had happened? Surely joy was not far off, it had seemed to hover



about him in his dreams. Yet—was not that the voice of woe sounding in the camp?

His will was to arise, but his body lacked power. His great limbs inert, reluctant, seemed to serve the will of some other, not his own. Was this sickness? He, who had never known illness, was heavy with a strange heaviness. Had he grown old in a night? Turned from his mighty manhood to be an old, slow man? An unreasoning dejection clouded on his thoughts. He was like an ailing child.

He remembered nothing of the tragedy of the past night. But by degrees recollections came to him of his bridal day, of Algo clasped like a struggling bird in his arms, of sitting at her side while they feasted. He recalled his proud intention of drinking and becoming as a god before her.

Then—a blank.

This impression startled him. He raised his head with a violent movement, and gazed transfixed. There within a hand's-breadth of his own face, the dead face of Tanlu stared back at him.

He sprang to his feet with a cry of wrath. He looked down on the body, twisted in its death-agony, for none had dared to touch it. He saw blood on the dead mouth, the iron skewer fast in his friend's breast. Who had done this thing?

He cast his gloomy eyes round. Groups of men and women half-hidden between the *toldos*, or peeping out from their dusky curtains, were watching him. An air of expectancy, of terror brooded over the camp. This in itself was so curiously at variance with the experience of his whole life that it perplexed him.

He strode towards the *toldos*, but as he came near the people disappeared.

Then, hearing wailing from the tent of Tanlu, he turned and stood within its doorway.

The young *china*, Tanlu's wife, sat moaning on the floor, her face blackened with paint, her hair cut short. She glanced up, and raising her shoulder against him, hid her face in her hands. But an old woman, Tanlu's mother, rose from her place. She spoke no word, she gave Kayuke no look, but she turned her back upon him. Then many figures seemed to arise in the gloom, and with one accord turned their backs upon him.

Kayuke stepped outwards like a stricken man. Vainly he sought in his memory for some explanation. Tanlu was dead,

killed by some foe, and yet the tribe turned their backs upon him—Kayuke.

For this is the punishment for crime among the Tehuelches. Neither blows nor death, but ostracism and banishment. The man who slays another is cast out from among his people. He must go forth to dwell alone by his camp fire, out of sight and communion with those he has injured. He must bear his sin far from his tribe; he is fit only to lurk with pumas in the thickets.

Kayuke, scarcely knowing what he did, made his way to his own tent. Surely this was but a bad dream, which must pass.

He grasped the ridge-pole with one hand as if to steady himself, and out of the dimness the familiar objects grew clear round him. There was the couch of ostrich skin as he had spread it only yesterday. He started. Algo! She must be here. But though he looked yearningly, the *toldo* was empty.

'Aigh, aigh, aigh!' he moaned. 'Who will tell me the thing that I have done?'

He laid his heavy head upon his breast and sat thinking. Even Algo had left him.

Tanlu dead, and by his hand? He began to feel the truth crush in upon him, though no memory remained of that dreadful deed.

Later the people saw him come forth. He took down the poles of his *toldo*, he gathered his troop of horses together, and his hounds tailed in amongst them. Then he stood beside the spot from which they had carried away the dead man and spoke aloud.

'I will ride into the mountains and there fight hand to hand with the Gualichu. For it is not I who have killed my brother, but the Gualichu within me has done this thing. Aigh, aigh! I will stand in the snow-fed rivers till the cold shall drive the Gualichu to depart from my body. A curse is on me.'

Dropping his head, he rode past the fire by which he had danced but yesterday, still wearing his broken feathers, and passed away into the sunlight.

'Sorrow and trouble lie on me like snow on the high pampa,' he moaned, 'another heart is in my breast.'

Then followed strange days.

A story is told of a Patagonian Indian, whom Magellan decoyed on board that adventurous vessel of his, a destined gift for the King of Spain. But the unhappy captive was overapt to learn the bitter lesson of grief, he pined and died almost before the low

coast-line was hidden in the sea, before the smell of the land lost itself in the wide water-scents.

So Kayuke, bereaved, rode on north and west day by day, apathetic, like a dog that frets for its master, with a dusk of sorrow in his eyes. He brooded without ceasing on the events of that last day, but the look on Algo's face that had thrilled him as he held her to his breast was incessantly blotted out by the ghastly mask of Tanlu dead.

He did not know that all this woe had befallen him for the enrichment of the trader, Rodriguez, who had made some hundred dollars over the marriage festival, the price of a dumb giant heart-break.

The only poetry-book of these nomad people is that which Nature spreads before them. It contains three poems. The poem of the flat pampa, with its whimpering winds, its grasses blown level, its lipless lagoons where water-fowl cry in the evenings. Beyond this the poem of the blue lakes, strung in a long line under the shadow of the mountains, and haunted by fierce tempests. Lastly the huge epic of the Cordillera, a volume the Tehuelche leaves unopened, and never yet wholly read of man.

Kayuke, looking about him in his loneliness, grew to understand an essential need of humanity, the need of contrast, of change. For the strong vital forces in him revolted against despair. Moments came upon him when in the thrill of splendid life he shouted as a gale shouts among demented trees. In the windy blue of the mornings he would roll on the hard earth and hear his heart singing the old song of joy. But such intervals passed quickly, quenched in remembrance. The long evenings, grey or golden, lit fires that flamed and fell in the great untaught intelligence. His thoughts were vague, never logical, but without end. Sleeping and living on the breast of a primordial land, he grew oppressed with infinity, visions unimaginable visited him, bygone ages swept over his desolate head.

So moving onwards, he journeyed into a region of basaltic hills, a wilderness hard to thread, brown and stony, almost waterless, where thousands of guanaco neighed and screamed on the heights, but where the ground was so treacherous that no horse could keep his footing to pursue them.

In the evening he found a little pool, yellowed round with limp and withered grasses, offering little feed for his troop of horses, but water was there, the wanderer's chief demand. He camped

beside it for the night, trusting to his instinct to find his way out of the desert on the morrow.

That night Kayuke was in the depths. His exile from his kind, from the homes of men weighed upon him. But above all the wound left by the loss of Algo bled ever inwardly and drained him of the desire to live. How could he face through the long years alone, without her? He laid his head upon his knees and groaned. The loneliness was becoming overstrong for him. For this was not the solitude he sought of old, which could be ended at will, but a solitude enduring, and not to be escaped.

He pictured the girls running between the *toldos*, and with them that vigorous young shape he was never to look upon again. He caught a glimpse of long locks flying upon the wind, the long, black hair of Algo.

Love and family ties and the joys of home and young children about their knees are master-passions in the Tehuelches. Men who lose their wives destroy their possessions, kill their horses and dogs, flinging away these lesser things when the core of life, that which made all else worth the having, is gone for ever.

Kayuke bowed his head. Hope was cold. His strength failed him. For the first time perhaps the future stood up stark and naked before him.

The uncanny sounds of that desolate place were suddenly pierced by one familiar and homelike—the neigh of a horse.

The young man looked up. His own troop were feeding quietly in the hollow about the pool, but opposite to him rose one of the innumerable bare mound-like hills of the region, and over its summit—an incredible sight in that empty land—hung the faces of two horses, staring down at their fellows in the valley. Kayuke sat as if turned to stone, gazing at the vision. For one of the two horses had a star set high upon the brow, running its whiteness into the forehead-lock of the mane, Algo's favourite, one of the small troop she owned.

The young man was staring upwards, fixed and breathless, at the motionless horses, when a hand fell softly on his shoulder.

He leaped to his feet. Algo herself stood beside him, holding the *bosal* of the horse she had been riding.

Clogged with long thoughts, his mind moved slowly. He was bewildered. Why was she here?

She spoke no word, but stood there shy, splendid, beautiful, with downcast eyes, a little smile trembling about her mouth.

'You left me—on that day,' Kayuke said in a dull voice; 'I went to the *toldo*—but it was empty.'

Her great eyes flashed up at him.

'They took me away.'

'Aigh, aigh! I slew Tanlu,' he murmured. It was all he could find to say.

'Nay, not you, Kayuke, it was the spirit of the white man that slew him,' she answered. 'We lit the death-fires for him, and gave him the burial of a great hunter.'

Kayuke shook his head and held out his right hand with a gesture so tragic that tears welled over in the girl's eyes.

'My right hand is guilty, yet it remembers not the blow,' he said.

'Aigh, aigh! you knew it not,' and she took his hand and laid it on her breast. 'Hear me, Kayuke. This is the hand of my husband. I stole from the *toldos* to follow thee. I tracked the feet of thy horses and put my horses' feet upon them.'

'But I am an outcast. I must dwell alone, far from my tribe. No man will give me back words for my words even if I speak them,' he went on.

'What matters that to me? I am thy wife.'

Kayuke was trembling greatly.

'Algo, what saying is this!—I must wander far to rid myself of this evil spirit that has cursed me. I must seek out those places where the Gualichu dwells, and strive with him. Alone in the snow, weakness and death may come upon me. What will a woman do there?'

'Death shall take me also, Kayuke, for still I will follow thee.'

The dark beautiful eyes met his with love, the proud uplifted head and the dawning smile lightened his heavy heart. Algo was with him, what mattered all else? He laid his arm across her shoulders and his head fell beside hers.

Thus it came to pass that Kayuke with Algo his wife began their long exile. They turned their backs on the Olmie Eikon, and with sixteen mares and two troops of horses, stone knives for skinning and cutting up game, copper *boleadores*, and a cooking-pot, rode on leisurely north and west.

At length they came to a small stream winding between grey heights, splashing its yellowish waters about the knotted roots of califaté bushes. Men now call it the Rio Fenix, and about it in these latter days a great dispute of nations has raged. But in

Kayuke's time it was all his own, and following its course the little camp moved ever towards the western battlement of mountains. Day by day, summit and scarp and winding cleft grew clear out of the blue dusk of the range.

On a noon of radiant sunshine, as the exiles rode in the teeth of a clean chill wind, with the shadow of a condor's wings passing to and fro over the troop of horses ahead, they pushed slowly up a long rolling billow of land and from its crest the view of a huge lake opened under their eyes. The water, of a pale blue, was torn into breakers where the wind struck, and across it, fronting them, stood up the Cordillera.

For a moment husband and wife gazed affrighted, for before his misfortune had fallen on him, Kayuke, like all Tehuelches, would have fled from this lake with its terrific rampart of frowning cliffs. For this was the Iemisch Eikon, the home of the Iemisch, that amphibious monster, the dragon of Indian legends, which is so large that it can devour man and horse together at a mouthful.

Kayuke looked long at the distant snowy peaks, then at the nearer phalanx of lesser mountains, their brown naked shoulders ranked in line as though they stood in the forefront of an army.

Then he flung back his mantle of fur, and striking a blow on his own big brown shoulder, he shouted.

'Shall we fear these, Algo, these, who are my brethren?'

Algo turned to her husband. The claim of kinship seemed, in truth, not so far amiss.

A new heart had been born in Kayuke, and he now felt assured that were the Iemisch to arise out of the depths of those stormy waters, he had the strength to kill it, and to take its skin for his couch. Perhaps Algo feared still at times, but when she looked on Kayuke, she forgot all fear, for she loved him with the power of the primal instinct, that relies on the lustihood and fighting quality of its mate.

For two days they rode along the southern shore of the great lake, crossing four small rivers, till at length they reached a great stream. This also they crossed after much struggle with the horses, and found themselves in a tract of forest land, where wild currants grew and the wind was silent and tormented them no more, where the air was heavy with the drowsy scent odours of incensio trees and brilliant yellow blossoms; where herds of spike-horned deer wandered, and which was articulate with the cooing of perpetual doves.



Here Kayuke made his camp, driving his mares and horses to graze on the tableland westwards, where was rich pasture, and which, lying between twin rivers, held them captive so that they could not stray.

'Here will we abide awhile, Algo,' Kayuke said, 'for it is the Good Spirit who keeps watch from the red rocks above us. It is His breath that stirs in the trees which are asleep. It is good to be here.'

So those two dwelled in the warm valley of the torrent.

Kayuke lived his hunter's life, increasing in strength to his prime. Ostriches and guanaco he killed upon the tableland, the autumn woods resounded with the wooing of the deer, and winter laid its hand but lightly on their sheltered home.

Algo, happy and beautiful, bore children in that unsullied paradise, and the *toldo* was lined with the skins of pumas. Meantime upon the tableland their stock increased, long-tailed horses, bay and brown and piebald, and they called them after their colours. Each evening the great drove would descend neighing to drink of the angry torrent that tumbled through the gorge, and the time came when Algo's eldest-born, Tanlu, could grip a horse with his red baby knees.

All these years no sign of humanity from the outer world troubled them, no distant hunting-fire piled its clouds of smoke into the wonderful pale blue of the sky.

Once only had Kayuke spoken of return.

'Our exile has been long enough,' he said. 'If we will, we can now look again upon the faces which once we knew.'

Algo's answer was the mourning cry, 'Aigh, aigh!'

Kayuke mused long over the fire, then he stood long at the door of the *toldo*, looking out upon the valley. When he came back to sit on his rugs beside the hot ashes, he met his wife's anxious gaze.

'Exile is good,' he murmured. 'Let the hunting-fires of our tribe burn without us.'

And Algo cooed in content to the babe at her breast, for her children had borrowed the dove-song for a lullaby.

So peace reigned over them, while the seasons changed and passed. Until on an evening, when Algo watching her young sons wrestle with and ride the wild colts, saw her husband galloping homewards against the sinking shafts of the sun. And a sudden fear struck her, for there was haste in his movement. When

he drew up at the *toldo* she knew the fashion of his face was altered.

'What is it, Kayuke?' she asked in her soft guttural speech. 'Has a horse died, or is thy *bolas* broken?'

'To-day,' Kayuke answered, 'I have seen the hunting-fires of our people.'

'Near?' she cried in alarm.

'Two days' march to the south.'

Algo breathed deeply.

'They will not come hither,' she said. 'Our people fear the Gualichu, who has fled from before you, whose name we have almost forgotten.'

At these words Kayuke snatched up a flaming brand from the fire, and ran out to the back of the *toldo*, shouting and waving his brand to scare the Gualichu, whose shadow, compelled by those distant smokes, seemed once more to have fallen upon his life.

The younger children clung to their mother's skirts. Never before had the old tribal custom been practised in the valley. A sadness gathered in Algo's eyes; the thing was of ill omen, it oppressed her with a sense of coming sorrow.

From that day Kayuke grew restless. The yearning to mingle with his kind, long asleep in his breast, woke and stung him into discontent. Algo watched in silence, ever dreading the morrow and all that it might bring.

Three days passed, and then Kayuke spoke, though he knew his words would be unwelcome to his wife.

'Algo, we will take a small troop of horses and go to meet our people. See,' he raised his fingers one after another and showed notches in the hard flesh, two upon each finger of the right hand, one upon each finger of the left. 'For every winter I have made a mark. Fifteen winters have passed: surely the old time is forgotten and I shall be no more an outcast. Come, let us go.'

Algo made no answer, but busied herself according to Kayuke's commands, yet in her eyes the gloom deepened.

Who knows with what thoughts those two touched the Indian trail again?

In the evening they came upon an old camp-fire, and after the manner of the nomadic tribes, built their own over its ashes. The march from Olmie Eikon with its incidents of trouble and joy came back with strange vividness; their fifteen years of exile seemed as a dream.

The trail grew fresher as they travelled southwards, until on the mid-afternoon of a windy day they saw the *toldos* of the tribe lying small and dark by the wide curve of a river. The dogs of the encampment gave tongue long before the little group of exiles approached. The tents poured forth their occupants, so that a line of figures stood waiting for the outcast and his companions.

Kayuke sat rigid upon his horse, rigid, with a mantle of skins about his middle, his naked torso like a Hercules modelled in red clay. His wife and children behind him, he waited for the invitation to dismount, the lack of which would mean dismissal. His glance passed slowly down the line, but the faces and forms seemed not those he had left behind, when he went out with a bitter heart into the wilderness. These whom he now looked upon were clothed as the white trader had been clothed in that long-dead day. The flowing mantles, the ancient garb that had emphasised inherent dignity, was replaced by garments that lent their own ill-shaping to the big-built muscular men. Arraigned before the sun and the wondering eyes of the exiles, they were in truth a grotesque company, replete with the deforming vulgarising quality that European dress seems so remorselessly to bestow upon the savage.

Presently an Indian stood out of the line and came towards them. He wore a time-stained coat which cramped the movements of his once-strong body, a native *chiripa* in place of trousers, but on his shrunken naked legs a pair of top-boots. The red fillet with which the Tehuelches were wont to tie down and adorn their dark locks had made way for a greasy hat. Yet Kayuke saw some familiar look on the sodden face.

'Is this not our brother Kayuke?' said the man, blinking up at the rider. 'Come, brother, sit beside the fire of the tribe.'

'Aigh, aigh!' moaned Algo to herself, 'surely this man was Orweki, the hunter.'

Kayuke dismounted, off-saddled and turned his horses loose in the green marsh that fringed the river. And Algo, with her children, inquired for the well-being of her people. Some there remembered her well, and hurried her with all the kindliness of their hearts to the *toldo* of Melowe, her brother.

'Thy mother, Chingua, lives. Hasten then, Algo.'

For all her life Algo remembered that scene. On the floor of the *toldo* an indistinguishable litter of children and dogs, Melowe's

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children, but hunched high above their sprawling figures a huge bloated woman sat by the fire, with dishevelled hair, her pipe dropping from her lips.

'Chingua, Chingua, look up; see, thy daughter has come back to thee,' cried the eager voices of the women.

The old *china* moved one shoulder after the other sullenly.

'I have no daughter. She is gone from the tribe,' she said.

'Nay, look up, mother, I am here.' Algo sat down beside the mountain of flesh, and placed her youngest boy by the hunched knees.

Chingua raised her bleared eyelids and looked long at her daughter. Then a wheedling smile loosened the sulky mouth, and she cried:

'We will drink, my daughter; the spirit-water will make me glad. For thy old mother hath many pains. Let a bottle be brought, and we will laugh to see the yellow line as it sinks within it, and thou and I will cheer ourselves. What hast thou that we can exchange for a good bottle?'

Heartsick, Algo tried to coax the old woman's thoughts away, but failed most hopelessly, for Chingua grew angered. And so Algo went out to seek Kayuke.

Kayuke stood among a group of men, some his own contemporaries, some that had been but boys when last he saw them. They turned him about, jeering good-humouredly at his Tehuelche garments.

'Look at Kayuke! look at him!' they cried.

He stood there upright and smiling a little, like a god among them. He was naked save for his *chiripa*, and on his feet he wore boots of *potro*-hide, made by himself as his forefathers had made them. His dark eyes clear and bright, his great muscles riding out upon his limbs when he stirred. Nor did they find Algo less marvellous. Tall, sound as a young tree grown in the wind, her dusky beauty glorified in its savage motherhood.

And over against them stood the tribe that had driven them into exile fifteen years before, plagiarisms of civilisation, with drink-shot eyes, clamorous.

'Come, pitch your *toldo* among us,' they said. 'And to-night we will feast, for you have returned.'

Algo, going down to the river for water, saw the younger women burying knives and guns, even the spits for roasting were hidden, and asked the reason.

'They feast to-night,' was all the answer, but to Algo it was the volume of her life and Kayuke's. How would it end?

Meanwhile Kayuke sat beside the fires, and talked with the men. But his mind was working behind his talk. He was suffering the violation of many memories. Were these stupid faces with their pouched and watery eyes the same he knew in his youth? What had worked the alteration? Never had the keen wind of the pampa loosened the skin into bags and swept away the strength of manhood? The sunlight, pouring down upon the people, brought all the changes into a horrible saliency. These were chattering creatures, loose-mouthed, lean-limbed, not the living statuary of red firm flesh, heavy-faced, dignified representatives of physical glory.

But Kayuke had no words in which to clothe the feelings wrenching at his breast. Had there been a white trader with the tribe, it may be his blood would have paid forfeit in a wholly inadequate manner, for the sins of his fellows, at the hands of the mighty Tehuelche.

The feast began and liquor was set out in bottles and cups. But the eating was not like the royal regalement that he remembered, the tin cups passed round too soon and too often. Kayuke sat like a carven figure among his kindred, while they danced and sang, and as the orgies deepened, disputes broke out and they came to blows. The outcast understood at last the tragedy of his life. Thus had Tanlu been slain.

While he brooded a tipsy gesturing fellow held a full cup to his mouth. Then Kayuke arose, and seizing the bottles dashed them in pieces, he crushed up the tin cups in his hands, for the reek of the spirit had set light to the fire of fierce memories in his heart, memories of agony and sorrow grown remote.

He called aloud to Algo, and the frightened *chinas* gathered out of the tents to watch the big figure of Kayuke separate his troop from the horses of the tribe. And then those two mounted, and with their children vanished for ever from the *toldos* of their dying people.

No human eye ever saw Kayuke or Algo again. One story has it that they perished in the snow. Another that in some gorge of the Cordillera, deaf to the footsteps of the white men, their children's children dwell, holding at bay for a few years longer the resistless coming of those who bear such cruel gifts to the Tehuelche.

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## 'MY NIGHT IN.'

BY HIS HONOUR JUDGE PARRY.

It was my night in and it was New Year's Eve. My wife and family were at the pantomime. As a leader of the Chancery Bar and a Member of Parliament, my life had been spent among funnier entertainments than pantomimes. So I stayed in my comfortable suburban home, allowed all the servants to go to a servants' ball at a friend's house, and had a night in to myself. I intended to read the Christmas number of the 'Law Reports,' but it was full of some exceedingly unimportant cases in which I had not been briefed, so I piled some logs on the fire and pulled down a volume of Beaumont and Fletcher—authors I am wont to study more for the purity of their English than their subject matter. I think the play I was reading must have reminded me of the days of my youth—men grew up young in those days—for suddenly I remembered that it was New Year's Eve, and my mind went back to old days, before I was eminent, and before—as far as I was concerned—there was a Chancery Bar. That led me to take out of my desk my private account book which, like Master Pepys, I found to be very good reading. I wondered how it would feel, in after middle life, not to be eminent, not to be rich, and not to have an increasing income. I remembered with a shudder that I had once—when very young—intended to be a missionary. Of course in South Africa a missionary might get exclusive information of a valuable character, but could he make use of it to any purpose? That brought me back to the account book, which contained several interesting items of successful and valuable, let us say, investments. Poring over this I became oppressed by the sense of my personal value both to the State and to my wife and family, and not least to myself. I became aware that it was my duty to remain as long in possession of all this wealth, which my ability had created, as I reasonably could. This brought me to the making of many sound and interesting resolutions, mostly of a gastric nature, such as any over-fed and under-exercised man of over fifty might be expected to arrive at. In particular I decided to play golf more



regularly, and only to drink at meal times. These resolutions being carried, but not to come into force until 1 January of next year, I rang the bell for some more whisky and apollinaris, a night-cap ordered for me in small quantities many years ago by an eminent specialist now deceased, which I had long found to be injurious if taken in quantities really sufficient to soothe my jaded nerves. The bell, of course, was not answered, and then I remembered that I was alone in the house.

I went to obtain the things for myself. Outside my study is a passage with a glass door leading into the garden. As I returned down the passage with a bottle of apollinaris, a large tumbler, and a decanter of whisky, I distinctly heard the sound of a groan—or rather a long-drawn melancholy whine—coming as it seemed to me from the other side of the garden door. In view of what followed I wish to lay stress on the fact that I first heard this noise before I had tasted the whisky and apollinaris. I stopped and listened intently. The noise was repeated. I walked towards the door and listened again. Hearing no further sound, I thought my imagination was playing a trick upon me, and I returned to the study, put the decanter, glass, and bottle on a little table by my chair, and picked up my book again.

My eyes fell on these words, and as I read I could feel my hand shaking :

This is a common custom of the rogues,  
To knock at the doors in dead time of night,  
And use some feigned voice to raise compassion ;  
And when the doors are open, in they rush,  
And cut the throats of all, and take the booty.  
We cannot be too careful.

I drew a long breath and listened. Then I laughed at my fears and thought to myself : I must have been reading the words before I went outside. But I was sure I had not, and then—then I heard the call of the mournful voice again.

It sounded near my window on this occasion. I went back into the passage and stood by the door with my ear at the glass. For some moments I heard nothing, and then came the sound again. A long-drawn whimper as of a child in trouble, or some young lost animal. I am not a nervous man, but I certainly was for several seconds obsessed with the idea that it was dangerous to open that door. A sense of uncanny calamity passed in a cold wave of thought through my mind. I shivered, and the hair of my flesh stood up,

Then the noise began again, so sad and melancholy in its appeal that no father of children could refuse to hear it. I have seven children, and that is one of the reasons that I am glad I am not a missionary. Clearly there was an animal, human or otherwise, and it was my duty to investigate the matter, without prejudice, of course, to any future action to which I might advise myself.

I pulled back the bolts, turned the key and opened the door. It was a bright frosty night; a crescent moon hung in the sky, which was studded with silver stars. There had been a slight snow shower, and this pale light from the ground shot up into my face.

. . . In such a night  
Did pretty Jessica like a little shrew  
Slander her lover and he forgave it her.

Also in such a night did I remember walking home with dear Anna many years before we were married, and telling her that I had finally made up my mind to give up the missionary business and go to the Chancery Bar. Anna was delighted, but at that time her father was as cold as the moon itself—this was because he was a solicitor and a wealthy one, and regarded the members of the junior Bar with distrust. Long before he died he recognised how wisely his daughter had chosen, and when he died I myself was the more satisfied with the choice I had made.

These thoughts were of old times, brought to my mind, I fancy, by the crescent moon; but a long-drawn wail of sorrow coming from under a laurel bush near the cycle house reminded me of my reason for standing out in the cold. I went across the snow to the bush and listened again.

'Is there anyone there?' I called out.

'Will you take me in and give me shelter?' called out a thin despairing voice.

'Who are you?' I asked, staring into the black moon shadows of the laurel.

'Take me in and give me warmth and food. I have only an hour to live; I shall never see the New Year.'

It was an outrageous request made in an outrageous manner, and that anyone should expect a respectable householder to throw his house open as a kind of mortuary on New Year's Eve, when the intending deceased might so easily have gone to the workhouse, struck me as unnecessarily selfish. Moreover, supposing the individual died in my house, as he threatened to do, what was there

to prevent his executors saying that I had employed him in my trade or business, and calling upon me to prove that he was a casual labourer, or else pay three times his yearly wages, under the Workmen's Compensation Act, on the ground that he had met his death in an accident arising out of and in the course of his employment. Living as I did, however, in the middle of my own constituency, I felt that if I left anyone out in my own garden to die on a night like this, it might be misrepresented by the Labour party, so I called out to the owner of the voice to follow me.

'Promise me shelter,' he cried.

'I have promised,' I said, rather nettled at his doubting my word; 'but will you come out from under the laurels, or must I get help to carry you out?'

'I'll come out,' cried the voice more cheerfully; and, pushing his way through the leaves, the Thing appeared on the snow path shining like a frozen snow man in the moonlight.

'What on earth are you?' I asked, starting back.

'Give me food and shelter as you promised, and I will tell you my story,' it answered in a business-like tone.

I felt that my invitation might fairly be set aside as having been obtained by deceit, but I was anxious to know what the Thing was. I led the way into the study, closing and bolting the garden door behind us. The first request the Thing made was for biscuits—not sweet ones. Indoors it became almost dictatorial in its manner. It demanded whisky and 'not all the apollinaris.' Then it sat in my arm-chair before the fire and I took stock of it.

This was the result of the stock-taking. The Thing was about four feet high and shaped like a human being; but I decided on the facts with the precision and rapidity of a common jury that it was not a human being. Neither was it a ghost. The way it settled in my arm-chair, poured out my whisky, and munched my biscuits suggested to me a visit from my friend, the vicar of the parish, rather than a visitation from the Other world. Outwardly, and in a sense inwardly, it was made of glass and dressed in glass, and it clinked and glittered at every movement. It had the appearance of an over-dressed early Victorian chandelier in a seventeenth-century costume, extravagantly decorated with fringes of triangular crystal pendants. Its face was like a full moon of pale yellow glass, and on its glass lips there flickered an empty glassy self-satisfied smile. Its glass bottle nose, ruby in colour, suggested that it was fond of good living, and its dull glassy eyes—the colour

of a hock bottle—stared listlessly into the world with that spirit of indolent indifference that is characteristic of those whose work in life is done for them by others. It made itself absurdly at home, and, as my Shrewsbury boy would say, 'put on a jolly lot of side' as it reached out for another biscuit and calmly remarked that it did not smoke, but had no objection to other people smoking.

I should have been glad if it had been less hungry, and would have abstained from munching biscuits and literally washing them down with whisky and apollinaris. Hospitality forbade me remonstrating with it, but I confess I felt uncomfortable to see my transparent guest manipulating biscuits. You could follow them in quite unpleasant detail wandering through his glass interior to their ultimate destination. The process was indelicate, but it fascinated me. If I had been a scientist, I should have excused my rudeness in staring at it, by a plea that I was investigating the abnormal. But I knew myself better. I was merely rude and, being the Thing's host, inexcusably rude. I remembered seeing a live newt under a high-power microscope and watching the working of his heart and lungs, and generally studying his true inwardness. I was reminded that I felt then, as I felt now, guilty of an undesirable and impertinent curiosity.

I should have continued my vulgar observation of the Thing had it not suddenly interrupted me by saying in a still small melodious voice: 'We seem to have plenty of whisky, but before we begin to talk business had not you better fetch some more apollinaris?'

I rose at once and seemed to obey the Thing's commands instinctively, instead of being angry at its conduct.

'Bring at least half a dozen more,' it cried out as I reached the door, 'and open the lot.'

I did so. It did not even seem strange to me to do exactly what it told me to do. I returned with half a dozen opened bottles and a glass for myself.

The Thing smiled approval and, mixing itself another stiff glass, turned to me with a kindly smile and said: 'A Happy New Year to you when it comes. Now let us talk business.'

'The first question is, I said, 'What business have you here at all? Who are you, and what do you want?'

'I am your Conscience,' it replied, with glass tears in its bell-like musical voice. 'Your long-lost Conscience.'

'What!' I cried in some disgust, for it stretched out its arms to me as though it wanted to be embraced and taken to my heart, as a sort of vitrified prodigal son.

'Your Conscience. Surely you remember your Conscience. The companion of your youth, your guide and monitor——'

'Stop!' I cried. 'When I was quite a small boy I remember something inside me, a kind of ethereal liver that stirred me up and gave me a sort of moral indigestion whenever I had any particular scheme of mischief and pleasure on hand. It spoilt most of my enjoyment of life.'

'Don't say that,' it said, in a tone of deep melancholy.

'But it did,' I continued. 'Even when I determined to be a missionary—and you would expect a conscience to be of use to you in such a career—it was always suggesting that I was unfit for the work and should be restive with mosquitoes, and tactless and ill-tempered among cannibals.'

'So you would!' murmured the Thing. 'So you would. And but for me you would have been a missionary. A third-rate, inefficient, under-fed missionary.'

'But it is all very well you coming here and claiming to be my conscience,' I continued, somewhat heatedly. 'How do I know you are anything of the sort? The whole thing may be a fraud—a kind of Tichborne case.'

'Nonsense,' replied the Thing. 'You recognised me at once. A man always obeys his conscience unless he stops to think. When you went for the apollinaris, I said six bottles and told you to open them. That was to test you. You obeyed me like a lamb. We didn't want six bottles—however, now they are here I'll mix again. Oh yes, there is no doubt I'm your Conscience, your long-lost Conscience, and you are my owner. The question is, are you going to take me back again. I have to find a place before midnight or else I perish.'

I felt rather sorry for the little fellow.

'Why should you perish?' I asked.

'Every Conscience has to find a place by the New Year. I've been very unlucky lately, and had a run of downright bad owners. Only this last month I had a worry with a butcher about short weight and had to go; then I stayed with a parson who had been in one living for twenty-eight years and I thought I had a home for life—when they offered him a bishopric. Of course I told him to refuse it, and to-night he threw me out. Threw me out into

the cold ice and snow in order that he might draw five thousand a year as an example of Christian charity. Ugh !'

'Perhaps he had a call,' I murmured to console it.

The Thing shuddered contemptuously, and mixed its fourth glass of whisky. The biscuits, I am glad to say, were nearly finished.

'It's all very well,' I said, 'you coming back and trying to rush me into taking you on again, but what I want to know is why you deserted me.'

'Come, I like that,' replied the Thing. 'I told you when you were called to the Bar you were not to appear in cases you didn't believe in, and the first case you took was a brief for the defendant in *John Doe v. the Marquess of Roe*.'

'About closing the foot-path through Roeland Park,' I said.

How many years ago it seemed ! It was my earliest triumph. The Attorney-General led for the defence. We had not a leg to stand on, and yet we stood on it and won. I flushed with triumph at the recollection of it.

'I remember,' I continued, 'having grave doubts about taking that brief, but I was young at the Bar in those days.'

'You never had any doubts, you wretched man,' shrieked the Thing, shaking his glass fist at me. 'You meant to take it all along. You pretended to listen to me, you tired me out arguing with me day and night, you made me cry over the woes of your darling Anna, who wished to come to Court to see you in a wig and gown ; and one morning when I was tired out and getting a short sleep, you went and took the miserable brief, and I left you in bitter hatred and disgust, as any decent glass conscience would.'

The Thing trembled violently, and I feared it would shiver its brittle frame with anger.

'Well, well !' I said, 'let bygones be bygones. And don't give way to passion. It's really a pity you are made of glass, because you must be so delicate and easily broken, and in this rough-and-tumble world——'

The Thing smiled at me and winked one of its brown glass eyes.

'I've thought of all that,' it said, 'but of course I have to be made of glass, because I'm a clear conscience.'

'And are not all of you made of glass ?' I asked.

'Certainly not,' it replied. 'The commoner and most popular kind are made of elastic. They manage to keep their places. But we are the aristocracy and aldermen of the guild. We spend



five years being polished in the sample shop, and are stamped with the hall-mark of the College of Casuistry. We have a grand time of it with children, but as we grow up it becomes more and more difficult every year to find a place, and worse to keep it.'

'It's the same here,' I said, trying to cheer the poor Thing, 'I've been lucky, but I might have had to say, like many another, "Too old at forty."'

'Fifty,' said the Thing sternly, 'fifty, if a day.'

I bowed my head in guilty silence. The Thing mixed its fifth glass and started on the last biscuit.

'We have not much time,' it said. 'You must make up your mind in the next twenty minutes. Are you going to take me back?'

'Suppose,' I said, wishing to be civil to one who evidently had some claim upon me. 'Suppose I put you up for a day or two—our spare room is empty—until you can find a new place.'

'Not a bit of good to me, old friend,' it said, rolling its head round and smiling pleasantly. 'I've knocked about enough. I'm growing old. I've come back to my dear old friend'—it began to weep a little—and if you can't take me in for a twelve-month, I shall die of a broken heart. I shall die here just where I am when the clock strikes twelve.'

It clinked its glass against its lips and began singing a pantomime song in a tearful voice:

'There was I,  
Waiting at the church,  
Waiting at the church.  
He left me in the lurch.'

Or words to that effect. Whatever I did with it must be done quickly. It was getting in a quite unfit condition to meet my wife and children. Its threat to die in my arm-chair annoyed me terribly. There would be an inquest and a scandal. I thought it best to temporise with the Thing.

'Look here,' I said, 'supposing I take you for a year, what about wages?'

'There are none,' it said.

That was satisfactory.

'What would you do with yourself all day?' I asked.

'I should go about with you wherever you went,' it said, gazing

at me lovingly, and bursting into another maudlin verse which it sang over and over again :

'And everywhere that Mary went,  
The lamb was sure to go.'

'Oh, do be quiet,' I said, 'and attend to business. My wife will be home in ten minutes.'

That frightened it. It put down its glass and sat up at attention.

'Tell me,' I said, 'exactly what you will want me to do if I take you on.'

It looked at me with the insolent air of the proprietor of a prize bull-dog. I was the bull-dog.

'It isn't a case of you taking me on, as you vulgarly put it, it's a case of me coming back to live with you and direct your life on wholesome lines. In the first place, Parliament is quite out of the question.'

I was rather glad to hear it. Parliament is not at all what I thought it was when I was outside.

'Then,' it continued, 'I doubt if I could allow you to go on with your professional work; but I would look into things and tell you later. Of course, you couldn't charge the absurd fees you get nowadays, for we should insist on only being paid what we are worth. That has always been one of my great difficulties. All the men I have lived with have been worth something under thirty shillings a week, and we have always had trouble about money matters. They will charge more. How can an honest man charge anyone more than he is worth? It's inexplicable, isn't it? However, I daresay you might be quite honestly worth two pounds a week.'

'Do you expect my wife and children to live on two pounds a week?' I said, laughing at him.

'Why not?' it answered. 'A lot of wives and children live on less, and have far more deserving husbands.'

'It isn't a matter of what the husbands deserve, it's a matter of what they can get and what their wives can spend. But I've taken a fancy to you, and I'm getting rather tired of overworking myself in my profession, and I'll tell you a secret. I have the offer of a Judgeship.'

The Thing smiled pityingly.

'I am thinking of taking it. It will be a sacrifice, of course,

but there is something in the idea of spending my last days with a clear conscience that attracts me.'

'Can we take it?' said the Thing, with a gloomy unsympathetic voice. 'Are we fit for the "responsibility"?''

'Good heavens,' I cried, 'there is Mr. Justice Winkle and Mr. Justice Pangloss——'

'Elastic fellows, both of them,' it replied, 'but you want to sit upon the bench with me—a clear conscience.'

At that moment the front door bell rang, and I knew my wife and children had returned. It wanted but three minutes to twelve.

'What is that?' gasped the Thing in a scared voice.

'My wife,' I replied, moving towards the door.

It staggered towards me with open arms. 'Take me,' it cried, 'just as you are. You shall be a judge. I won't interfere with you. I don't want to perish; you shall go on being an eminent chancery leader—or worse: only say I may come back to you.'

I was sorry for the poor creature. All its self-satisfied impudence had vanished. There was not a twinkle left in it, and it clasped my knees in terror, crying out 'Take me back! Take me back!'

I should have lifted it up in my arms and taken it to my heart, but a sharp impatient ring at the bell reminded me that I was keeping my wife waiting.

'Just a minute,' I cried, unclasping its hands and pushing it back to my chair, as I ran out into the hall.

It must have stumbled and fallen across the tray, for before I opened the door I heard a terrible crash as of broken glass.

'Had you gone to sleep, Wilfrid?' asked my wife, saluting me. 'Why, you look quite frightened.'

'Yes, I must have been dozing, and when I jumped up,' I said, struck by a happy thought, 'I stumbled over the tray, and I am afraid I've broken the glasses and things.'

The soft dying groan of my conscience stole across the hall from my study. I was sorry to disturb its last moments, but I had to make some excuse for the result of its visit.

'How ever many bottles have you broken, Wilfrid?' asked my wife as we entered the study and stood gazing at the mass of glass on the floor. 'Has the vicar called?'

'No, no one has called,' I replied.

Some of the pieces of glass seemed to shiver as I spoke. My wife is not a statistician, or she would have seen there was more

glass lying about than goes to make up six bottles of apollinaris and two large tumblers.

She and the children had soon collected the fragments and they were now a molten mass in the clear frosty fire.

I felt a deep sense of relief as we sat round the fire and wished each other a Happy New Year.

'You seem to have been making the best of the old one,' said Anna, laughing.

'At all events,' I replied, 'what I did, I did with a clear conscience.'

## REMINISCENCES OF THE SUNDAY TRAMPS.

BY PROFESSOR JAMES SULLY.

PROFESSOR MAITLAND, in his memoir of Leslie Stephen, who was our 'chief guide,' or briefly 'chief,' has explained the genesis of our Sunday walks. The idea of them, it seems, occurred to Stephen in the autumn of 1879, after he had got to know the editor and one or two of the contributors to the new philosophical journal 'Mind.' He may well have thought that there was too much of 'mind-stuff' in us, and that we should probably be the better for a country ramble now and again. In some articles in an evening journal, which he devoted to our exploits, he writes of us as persons who do not like to 'lock up their summer hobby-horse (the rambling impulse) for the greater part of the year,' but 'feel the need of giving him a periodical outing even through the winter.' He adds encouragingly that outside London, 'within a radius of some five-and-twenty miles, we may find nooks and corners recalling to the least imaginative mind'—a poke at us mind-students, perhaps—'the glories of moor and forest, and the unbroken peace of remote country lanes.' Since walking was to be a serious business, and the day our only free one, he christened us 'Sunday Tramps.'

We were quite a small band at first of about ten, and additions to our number were made by our leader as cautiously as elections by the severest of club committees; for he well knew from his Alpine experiences the mistake of taking too many as well as of too few. He regulated the number of members so well that there never turned up less than two, and that, in ordinary circumstances, the number very rarely exceeded ten. This increased number represented a considerable variety of pursuits. To name but a few, law was represented (among others) by Lord Justice Romer, Sir Frederick Pollock, and the chief's nephew, Sir Herbert Stephen; potential statecraft by Mr. Haldane; medicine by Dr. Savage and Dr. Creighton; philosophy by Professor Croom Robertson and Mr. Shadworth Hodgson; literature by the chief, Mr. Cotter Morison, and Mr. D. MacColl (of the 'Athenæum'); economics by Professor

Edgeworth ; engineering by Sir Alexander Kennedy ; exploration by Mr. Douglas Freshfield ; and art by the Hon. John Collier.

The tramp was fixed for every other Sunday during about eight months of the year, from October to June. The route was selected by our chief, each of us receiving notice of it a few days beforehand by a postcard, on which, in Stephen's finely pointed handwriting, appeared under the heading of 'Sunday Tramps,' the stations and the hours of departure and arrival both for the outward and the homeward journey. We commonly accomplished from twenty to twenty-five miles, passing largely by cross-country lanes and paths from one railway to another. The time of departure, I regret to say, was the untramplike hour of ten or later ; but this tardiness was wholly due to that autocrat 'Bradshaw,' by whose decrees we were bound. The hour of return was more elastic, varying from about four to seven, according to season and special circumstances.

We were Londoners of various callings and tastes, and presumably not more disposed to fraternise than other fortuitous concourses of British atoms. But the second-class compartment—selected, I suspect, because the third-class offered still less room—of an atmosphere tepid with numbers and tobacco smoke, was an excellent place for thawing any social ice which may have incrustated us. The mellowing influence, too, was aided by the sight of the expression of our chief, as sitting in a corner he sucked his pipe and looked round approvingly on his flock.

Being a fraternity, we began by making an honest attempt to keep together on the road. We soon discovered, however, that this was impracticable. Our leader, a tall man and a vigorous walker, set the pace, which, though it had an inviting look of ease, was a lofty ideal for average pedestrians. He describes it as 'a steady four miles an hour which just maintains the sensible perspiration' ; but it sometimes exceeded this figure, especially towards the end of the tramp when time was short. Thus it befell that our social organism tended to undergo a process of fission, breaking up into small groups of two or three, the relative positions of which were determined, as our mathematical member would say, by their several walking coefficients, together with the strength and duration of their talking propensities. This process of disorganisation was kept within limits by the untiring efforts of a worthy collie which our chief brought with him in the early days of the tramps. Whether this intelligent creature thought that we resembled sheep



or had heard his master speak of us as a flock, he dealt with us as his ancestors had dealt with the scattered herds of the Scotch mountains, running to and fro with admonishing bark as if to urge us to keep together. Considering the number of extra miles which he must have run in this laudable service, we ought perhaps to speak of him as a tramp, if not, indeed, as our vice-chief.

Our leader seems to have considered himself bound to be something of an autocrat. He humorously tells us that he is appointed to be our guide, 'because he will never condescend to ask his way or to admit that he has gone wrong.' He kept well before our eyes the terror of 'Bradshaw,' against whose authority, he writes, 'we never revolt even in fancy.' His military discipline was seen in the way in which he led us to face the deluge of rain, or (as in making once for Knockholt Beeches) the 'bitter blast of the east wind' when it had 'curdled the whole atmosphere into chilling grey.' Needless to say that, excepting one or two weaklings, we carried no other protection against inclement weather than the umbrella. It was, however, in the regulation of the lunch that our leader showed something of a Spartan rule. He believed in a simple midday meal for the walker, and once wrote to a tramp who happened to be in the country and offered lunch to the brotherhood, 'Do not trouble yourself as to lunch. We have kept pretty exclusively to bread and cheese of late, and it is better for my young men.' He seemed to us at times to choose the worst-looking of village 'pubs,' in the dismal parlour of which we should be certain to find no fire, and to be irritated by the most atrocious examples of cheap lithography. Our meal was necessarily a short one, and our chief was prompt to rise—looking taller than usual in the low inn parlour—and by putting on his hat and lighting his pipe, give us the signal for departure. Then followed the most arduous part of the trudging, which frequently ended in a scattering of groups, which both chief and collie were powerless to check.

Yet, if theoretically a Spartan in his rule, he knew, like a sensible ruler, how to relax his discipline on occasion. Indeed, he showed a good deal of consideration for the weaklings of his flock. Early in the days of the tramps he wrote to one of us: 'I have more than once been guilty, I confess, of allowing a walk against time. It is in every way a mistake, and my only apology is the great difficulty of making a good walk which shall coincide with convenient trains at both ends.' This consideration increased as the fortnights went on, and he got a closer acquaintance with the mediocre capacities

of the untrained or only half-trained. I fear that this consideration was not always reciprocated, for he once made a suburban tramp feel particularly mean by writing to him, 'No H—— contingent last Sunday—though the route was meant for them !' He slackened the rein, too, by sometimes suspending the ascetic rule about lunch. There survives among us the tradition of a rook-pie, in which some, of a hardy stomach, indulged, in one of the rare absences of the chief. Bolder lapses from trampish virtue were apt to coincide with the festive season, as when we once chanced on a less frugal inn which was alluring the rover by the toothsome bait of a turkey. Our chief, and perhaps one or two other moral stalwarts, would adhere to the humble bread and cheese, while the rest of us, not without a prick of shame, partook of our feast.

Other forces conspired to break down our habit of temperance. Friends of our chief who had country houses invited us to lunch or to tea, and one or two proposed to entertain us at dinner. In this way the rigour of the day's exercise was occasionally tempered, since the amount of walking had to be adjusted to these outside social claims. Among the well-meaning hosts who thus brought about breaches of discipline were Charles Darwin, at Down, and Professor Tyndall on Hindhead. We did our best without doubt to look at our ease when we were thus plunged back with travel-stains thick upon us into the drawing-room ; but in truth the ordeal was not a serious one, for the entertainer was himself one of the scribbling fraternity, and disposed to view Stephen's flock as also belonging to it. It was a somewhat different experience when the host was himself a tramp, for in these circumstances we felt more of the shame of the apostate. Any such scruple was however precluded when our generous host, George Meredith, would come to meet us with his children and his little dog on some Surrey height and take us back to his cottage at the foot of Box Hill. His name does not appear in the list of tramps given by Professor Maitland. Yet from his occasional participations in a part of the walk, and still more, perhaps, from his readiness to fall in with our mood of playful lawlessness, we grew accustomed to regard him as one of ourselves. It seems to some of us now that we were never more penetrated with the essence of trampdom than when in one of those delightful summer evenings we sat and smoked after dinner in the Swiss chalet above the Box Hill cottage, and listened to our host as with exuberant fancy and brilliant wit he richly clothed our poor attempts to ridicule the ways of the over-serious.

For the rest, contact with the outside world was rare, and due to some mischance. This happened one day when our walk lay along the Thames, and up the hill on which lie the Cliefden Woods to Burnham Beeches. The sight of the large and beautiful grounds set one of us, dubbed by our chief 'the philosopher,' discussing the problem of the benefits of large estates. As we halt near the famous beeches :

Our Professor, seeing a chance of propitiating the shade of Arthur Young, begins to cross-examine a sturdy rustic, who is obviously an indigenous growth. He is the very man to throw light upon the agricultural question. His rusty coat and low gaiters, the black pipe between his teeth, the very attitude of sublime stolidity in which he is lounging over a gate, suggest the village Hampden. Unluckily the most skilful questions provoke only a series of calm 'don't know's.' 'What,' exclaims the interviewer, 'you don't know, and you have lived here all your life !' 'Never was here afore !' is the unexpected retort.

In spite of this warning example of the risks of social trespassing, it appears from our chief's chronicle that we once sounded mine host at Beaconsfield as to what the local mind thought of its historical celebrities (Waller, Burke, and Beaconsfield), and found among other things that, owing no doubt to the dazzling influence of the latest, Waller had become transformed by tradition into another Prime Minister. On one occasion, at least, the accost was from the other side. There survives a good story of an Evangelist who once tried his warning note on our mathematician, who was also a logician, and the courtliest of tramps, in this wise :

EVANGELIST : ' I beg your pardon, sir, but are you saved ? '

MATHEMATICIAN : ' G—God bless my soul, I believe not. '

EVANGELIST : ' Because, sir, if you are not saved, you will not go to heaven. '

MATHEMATICIAN : ' But, my good sir, that's " an identical proposition. " '

Baffled by this learned gibberish, the worthy man silently withdrew, musing, perhaps, on the hardening effects of too much learning. It must be confessed that our behaviour was apt to appear shocking to the properly constituted mind. Our very appearance seemed like a challenge of defiance to the orderly church-going world. Sometimes, in passing a village green, we might catch the wary eye of an open-air preacher, who would raise his voice for our benefit. Our chief dilates in a characteristic manner on this ' latest echo of the blows struck on the " drum ecclesiastick " by the Poundtexts and Kettledrummies of the seventeenth century. ' Yet in general we were the most inoffensive of tramps, desiring

only to be allowed to move on. Our worst act of lawlessness, if I remember aright, was a trespass. Our chief's mathematical fondness for a straight line led us once along a drive, the publicity of which was, I fear, accepted by an act of faith. A comic incident followed, for we unluckily encountered a keeper who went through the solemn formality of taking our names and addresses, including those of more than one well-known lawyer.

Our chief's minute knowledge of the country secured a large variety of excursions, and he would sometimes write to a tramp with a note of schoolboy enthusiasm, telling him that he had just discovered 'a first-rate route.' Our walks traversed ridges and dales, commons, woods, and parks, and the banks of more than one companionable stream. There were favourite walks, some repeated more than once. Our chief loved the Thames, and writes appreciatively of its scenery. Under his guidance we got to know Burnham Beeches, Epping Forest, and other bits of woodland. He retained something of his old passion for climbing, and the Surrey heights, Leith Hill and Hindhead—the latter not yet transformed into a London suburb—and many a breezy upland common grew familiar to us. As his chronicle of our wayfarings illustrates, these modest ascents were apt to carry his thoughts back to Alpine days. Even the church on the little height of St. Martha, in Surrey, managed somehow to recall his beloved mountains, reminding him of a Swiss chapel perched on an Alp above a gorge. Another certain trace of the mountaineer is discoverable in some instructions he once sent to a member who wished to join the party *en route*. Stephen proposed the summit of Highdown Ball, in Surrey, and after carefully indicating its situation, added: 'It resembles the mountain in Raphael's Transfiguration.'

Our chief would sometimes call a halt on a height from which a broad English landscape might be viewed unfolding its soft undulations and the misty ridges of its distant hills. He drank in the beauty of the scene silently, giving us a lesson in judicious reticence. That he was touched now and again by the loveliness of the view is sufficiently shown in his descriptions of our walks, though he never runs any risk of growing sentimental, but glides back into his humorous vein, as when *à propos* of the little Mole, the course of whose sluggish waters we sometimes followed, he remarks: 'It has a judicious habit of retiring below ground in summer heats.'

It might prove to be a curious exercise if we could meet and

compare the most vivid impressions of scenery which we have severally carried away from these pleasant rambles. One mental picture, which more than one of us would perhaps find still fresh, is the view which opened up on some mellow autumn afternoon as we completed our trudge along the ridge of Box Hill, and strolled down the soft, grassy slope between clumps of dark yew to the hospitable cottage—the valley into which the shadows and a streak of thin mist were beginning to bring sleep, and the softly rounded slopes where sunlit grassy openings relieved the almost burning colours of the woods.

Yet not for nature-worship only were we conducted by our Greatheart on these Sunday pilgrimages. He respected the day, so far, at any rate, as to wish to improve our minds. He frequently managed to include in our walks a visit to some spot made sacred by historical or literary associations. In this way we got to know, in Stephen, not only the athlete and the lover of nature, but the scholar. We once went to St. Albans; but the visit, to judge by some jottings in the chronicle, did not lead to any profitable historical meditations. It seems to have set our chief vaguely wondering 'how its inhabitants can preserve their cheerfulness in presence of this gigantic nightmare'; and to have roused our ever alert and combative professor to throw out some startling views as to progress and the folly of trying to preserve ancient buildings. A glimpse of Albury Park, Surrey, where Drummond lived and entertained Edward Irving and his followers, would bring out some dry Stephenese remarks on the queer ways of the world's worthies. At Twickenham we no doubt tried with indifferent success to draw him into a talk about 'poor little rickety Pope,' as he calls him in our chronicle, and the little court he gathered about him here. The view of the old mansion of the Evelyns is touched by his pen in a pleasant vein of boyish reminiscence. Readers of his books know how the cheery optimist, Abraham Tucker, won his heart, and in our chronicle we learn that, on one of our visits to the spot near the little Mole where this worthy gentleman spent over half a century writing his speculations, he fell again into half-admiring, half-humorous comment. 'He never got very deep,' he writes, and 'his blunders are as palpable as the Monument,' and, again, 'Old Tucker was a double marvel—a country gentleman who preferred speculating to partridge-shooting, and a metaphysician with a genuine sense of humour.'

A favourite among these historical musing-places was the little

churchyard of Stoke Poges. It is needless to say that conversation was severely discouraged here. Our chief seems from what he says about these visits to have been half-afraid lest one of us should start quoting the famous 'Elegy.' He is relieved to find that though the 'Elegy,' which has been inscribed on 'a miscellaneous monument' here—'happily outside the churchyard'—'seems to have been put there in order that a traveller may refresh his memory on the sly before perpetrating an impromptu quotation,' even our most expansive talker has the self-command to refrain.

Nor was it only a mansion or church which thus became a kind of goal for our expedition. Faithful though we mostly were to our village 'pub,' we felt no hesitation in entering a fine old inn which our steps chanced to light upon, provided that it had an aureole of literary associations. We were lucky enough to discover one in the Golden Farmer's Inn, near Bagshot, of which Swift speaks. In writing of it our chief pats his beloved dean on the back, so to speak, as one of the stalwarts of the road who could do his thirty-five miles' tramp from London to Farnham. Perhaps this exhibition of muscular Christianity reminded him of his grandfather, James Stephen, of whom he was fond of relating that he accomplished on his seventieth birthday a walk of twenty-five miles before breakfast. In connection with this visit to the Golden Farmer he writes further: 'Alas! if there is one melancholy conclusion forced upon the modern Peripatetic, it is that the old English inn has ceased to exist outside of literature.' Did he, we wonder, as we remember his habitual preference for the cheerless modern 'pub,' while penning this remark indulge in a quiet chuckle at our expense?

Occasionally our objective was a less reputable spot, such as might be visited by the genuine tramp; for our chief had among his various qualifications for the editorship of the 'Dictionary of National Biography' the valuable one of being an ardent admirer of notorieties in general, enjoying the hunting up of some musty and forgotten prizefighter or murderer no less than the unearthing of some popular preacher of a bygone day. This impartial respect for all kinds of fame was illustrated in his habit of combining with a visit to the neighbourhood of Hindhead a halt on the summit of the ridge where a cross commemorates the celebrated murder of a fellow-tramp, a sailor on his way from Portsmouth to London.

We managed to add to our bodily exercise a certain amount of spiritual in the shape of conversation. Yet the exchange of ideas



can hardly be said to have been our dominant aim. We partook in a measure of the silent habits of those whose name we bore. Like these we were dwellers in the town who felt themselves rather lost in the vast silence of the country. Many of us were no surer of the nightingale's note, which would burst on us from some bit of tender spring greenery, than an East End child. Our chief alludes to the presence of a botanist, the rattle of whose tin box once enlivened our grave silence. He was, I suspect, the same popular writer, Grant Allen, who contributed to his magazine, the CORNHILL, and whose curious migration from the sphere of the *savant* to that of the story-writer much occupied our minds. In spite, however, of unfavourable circumstances we got through a fair amount of discourse of a desultory kind. In the smoking-carriage on our way out we would begin the conversational day in a promising manner. Our custom of breaking up into small groups on the road was favourable to talk by allowing our 'elective affinities' their play. Yet after the first two hours of the four-mile pace the appetite for speech sensibly declined. Our chief did not fail to note this effect of the exercise. He grows jocose over our efforts to take the hill, and, of course, selects the stoutest of our band for his jibe.

'I see,' he writes, 'our fat friend reduced to a state in which argument becomes impossible. His brain is entirely occupied in moving his weary legs. His feet shuffle along the mud instead of rising and descending with a lively stamp.'

The professor, though by no means the strongest of us, seems under these breath-trying conditions to have preserved his loquacity longer than the rest, and he would sometimes amuse us by springing on our weary brains some new speculative problem. It is with reference to him that our chief writes :

'The effect of pedestrianism upon logic is a subject not yet fully treated by philosophers. . . . Many a glowing apostrophe and apposite illustration grows humdrum and threadbare as the journey lengthens ; and each steady footfall in a prolonged tramp tells in favour of a wiry utilitarian. Stiff legs and empty stomachs incline their owners to the prosaic view of the world in general.'

The disposition of most of us to restrict our converse was no doubt favoured by the example of our chief, who was decidedly a temperate talker, and of a slow and hesitating utterance. He always seemed to me to be a good illustration of a writer who had specialised in an unusual degree as between the two channels of expression—speech and writing. As Professor Maitland remarks, he was mostly a silent listener during the tramp discussions, though

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now and again 'a few words muttered into the beard neatly summed the case, punctured the fallacy, or blew away the froth.' Not less eloquent than his thrifty speech was his occasional 'snort' when we happened, forgetting our calling, to assume superior airs, as in criticising the pictorial art of the little 'pub' parlour. That his shyness preferred the disguise of the pen is seen herein that though he said very little at the time about the places we visited he would afterwards, when the pen came to his relief, launch out into those delightful passages, descriptive, reminiscent, and reflective, which light up the pages of our journal. In no case is this contrast between the vocal reticence and the pen's expansiveness more striking than in his way of dealing with epitaphs, in which he taught us to take a melancholy pleasure. We had repaired to the churchyard of Sevenoaks in order to dispose of a rare surplus of time at the end of our walk. Here, 'in search of edification,' we lighted on a gravestone which a father had erected to the memory of his two children. It bore a curious inscription, a warning to the infidel passer-by, who is addressed with homely directness as 'Thou fool!' Our chief had little to say at the moment, but in our journal he writes :

It suggested a country funeral and a parent standing rigid as an icicle by the side of a grave hewn in frost-bound earth. His pinched features are marked even at the moment by an incipient smirk. He is neither touched to tenderness nor awed by a sense of the helpless ignorance of man. He has already twisted the melancholy incident into a neat little argument against the infidel, and the rhymes into which it is framing itself are already jingling complacently in his mind.

Special occasions might provoke a more voluminous speech, as when our trampish prejudices were more than usually offended by an obtrusion of dreary propriety. A particularly strong irritant to the tramp nerves was the villadom of a small town such as Watford in the dulness of a Sunday afternoon, intensified by the miserable attempt of a young person to introduce liveliness into the home by strumming a lugubrious hymn tune on a worn-out piano. It is perhaps well that no records survive of the unholy scoffings which this kind of thing evoked. Our chief himself was prompted to a less blasphemous kind of observation by this re-appearance of bricks and mortar. After describing the gradual changes of the scene as on one occasion we approached the suburbs of London on foot, he adds :

We begin to ask the inevitable questions—What creatures inhabit these multitudinous cells of the metropolitan tissue? What do they read or think? How do they amuse themselves? What are their ways of life in general? . .

My mind is too disorganised to wrestle with our professor's theory of progress, but I fancy there must be a weakness in it somewhere.

For the rest, our talk would play about our special London interests. Our chief would set us an example, when one or two of us were so fortunate as to get exclusive possession of him for a mile or two. He would then entertain us with many a curious chip from his workshop, amusing experiences with young poets of both sexes whose panting aspirations after fame were not easily restrained by the practical necessities of the editorial chair, and by-products of his wide ransackings of documents in his work for the 'Dictionary of National Biography.' He would sometimes talk with another paterfamilias of his children, in which case child-psychology would be forgotten in the delight of trying to cap one another's good stories. Other matches would be played by our lawyers, each seeking to outdo the others in the citation of some bit of judicial wit; others, again, by our scribblers, each trying to contribute the best example of the natural depravity of publishers. Our chief, by the way, who had his own reasons for not thinking ill of these last, brought out a special little sniff of contempt when this game of vituperation was indulged in.

Sometimes there happened something which kept us more than ordinarily silent. The death of our faithful guardian, our chief's collie, due to poisoning, cast a gloom over our walk. He could not speak of his lost companion, though he alludes to him in the chronicle, calling him his 'dear old friend,' and remarking that he himself feels partly canine from whom 'nothing canine can be entirely alien.'

Then there was the death of our host and our chief's revered teacher, Charles Darwin (April 1882). We spoke of him in low tones, and our chief told us of the grief which his dog showed after the death. It was probably about this time that he told a good story of an old privileged servant of the Darwin family who on one occasion, when Darwin was ailing, went to her mistress and, after apologising for her boldness, ventured to suggest that her master would be better if he would only do something. She had noticed that he often stood a long time doing nothing in the garden, looking at the flowers. Our chief's reverent sorrow expressed itself in a letter to a fellow-tramp, in which, after speaking of the proposed burial in Westminster Abbey, he writes: 'To me it would seem more congenial to bury the dear old man in that quiet little churchyard close to the house in which he lived and worked so long.'

Another event which cast the silence of gloom on our tramps was the Phoenix Park murders, which occurred in the month following that of Darwin's death. Our first knowledge of the tragedy came from the big print in the bulletin of the 'Observer,' which met our eye as we gathered in the morning at the railway station.

Our hundredth tramp was duly celebrated by a dinner at Box Hill, when, of course, there was an unusually good muster. The wayfarings were carried on for fifteen years (till 1895). Like other human institutions they illustrate our chief's favourite theory of evolution. Our company increased in numbers and concurrently in vigour as the unfit were gradually eliminated. In this way we reached the stage of highest tramp efficiency. Later on the doings of so singular a body naturally came to be talked about in certain London drawing-rooms, and the austere virtue of the tramp seemed to me menaced. Yet this letting in of the garish light on our humble ramblings was not allowed by our vigilant chief to weaken us by making us fashionable. Nor was our decline and fall due to the advent of the more alluring though less sociable recreations of the golfer and the cyclist, though these, as Professor Maitland suggests, may have hastened the end after decline had begun. The process of dissolution, which, alas! must overtake a body of tramps like other organisms, dates from the decline of our chief's health. This led him to resign the office of chief guide in 1891, after which date he only joined the tramps occasionally. His new habit of bringing with him a specially prepared lunch pathetically revealed the weakening of the splendid powers. His last attendance was in 1894, though for some years after this he would arrange a gentle walk with a single tramp, giving to the privileged member later and more golden recollections, as of the sunset hour. Some of these informal walks I can recall, quiet strolls favourable to a flow of friendly converse, over his beloved Surrey meads and elsewhere. Before his retirement, too, there were walks along his no less beloved Cornish coast. In one of these, after a storm, a fellow-tramp, his brilliant nephew, J. K. S., of whom he was particularly fond, was with us, and I can recall how he half-amused, half-angered his uncle by climbing to the apex of a huge rock over which the waves were washing. A brave attempt was made to carry on the walks in the chief's absence, but those who made them would, I feel sure, agree with me that it was destined to be a short-lived experiment. It was hardly less vain, indeed, than the

attempt would have been to carry on the Round Table without Arthur. Not only was he an ideal chief in his passion for tramping, in his ingenuity as explorer, and in his talent for organisation, he was in a rare sense a lovable man to those who knew him. It was through our affection for him that, like more than one great teacher, he infected us with some of his enthusiasm and made us shrink from disappointing his hopes of us.

One may easily sum up the chief benefits of the tramps. The physical effects were, on the whole, salutary and bracing, though there were certainly risks in the long cold journey which suburban members had to face at the end of their exertions. More than one of us would say that they helped to keep us up to the level of working efficiency during the busiest years of our life. No less important than the exercise was the refreshing influence of a whole day's absence from the gloomy surroundings of our London workshop. It was something to get to know the wealth of natural beauty which still lies round about our murky city. Yet the chief gain which we reaped from these days in the country, notwithstanding the limitations of our conversation, was a social one. Perhaps one day a psychologist may explain how it comes about that in London men who have known one another for years, and address one another as friend, so rarely get a grip of one another's real hidden self. Is it the effect of some mysterious electric tension in the atmosphere—the social if not the physical atmosphere? Whatever the reason, it has been found that a few days together in the country will bring London friends closer together in understanding and sympathy than years of town life have succeeded in doing. Our walks with Stephen were invaluable exercises of the fraternal spirit.

A member of his goodly fellowship is not the person to offer a cool dispassionate opinion on the chances of a revival of the walking club. He will necessarily lean to incredulity. He may, however, point out that should there appear another chief as well qualified as was Leslie Stephen he would have a new obstacle to deal with in the possession of the road by its new lords. These he would have to circumvent either by keeping more strictly than his predecessor to lanes and footpaths, or by venturing to take out his flock only when there was a prospect of weather sufficiently foul to keep their wheeling lordships at home.

## LOVE AND A BEE.

THE Rector of Biddicombe was almost universally loved, for, though he had done many unwise things in his life, he had never done an unkind one. Even the Baptists criticised him genially, and the Wesleyan minister regarded him as a personal friend. But everybody, Churchman and Nonconformist alike, was forced to admit that he was becoming alarmingly absent-minded. The younger of his parishioners put it down to old age, for the Reverend Charles Lester was nearing his sixtieth year; others ascribed it to his growing addiction to the pursuit of natural history in general, and wild bees in particular, which occupied his mind to the exclusion of all other thoughts; and all were agreed that it was a great pity that he had never married Miss Mary Honeyput, his late wife's oldest and dearest friend. Indeed, why these two persons had *not* been joined together in holy matrimony was the great unsolved mystery of Biddicombe. For years they had called each other by their Christian names; they saw each other almost daily; they shared each other's troubles and chrysanthemums; and, whenever the Rector dined out, he was sure to find Miss Honeyput seated next to him. In spite, however, of so many reasons to the contrary, the fact remained that they were *not* married, and ladies who claimed to be in the confidence of Miss Honeyput declared that the Rector had never even proposed.

For ten years Biddicombe had looked on in a state of constant expectancy, but it was generally felt that a time had now come when something more vigorous than mere expectancy was required. For the Rector's absence of mind was fast assuming proportions which made a Rectoress almost a local necessity. That Mr. Lester should appear in the pulpit with his pince-nez on in front of his spectacles did not seriously matter, though it made the school-children giggle; that, after kissing Mrs. Smith's baby, he should proceed to kiss her grandfather who was dozing in the easy chair, and afterwards habitually speak of the infant Smith as twins, though annoying to parental pride, was not a matter of public concern; but, when he took to confusing the days of the week, and was discovered one Sunday morning hunting for wild bees on Biddicombe Heath



when he should have been preaching in the parish church, everybody felt that something had to be done.

'I have given the matter my best thought,' said Mr. Trevenyon to a select body of the most influential people who had met privately to discuss the situation—as the representative of an ancient family, he naturally took the lead in local concerns—'I have given the matter my best thought, and I have come to the conclusion that it is my duty to write to General Lester; in fact, I may say that I have already done so.'

News spreads quickly in places where it is scarce, and in four-and-twenty hours almost everybody in Biddicombe, except Miss Honeyput and the Rector, knew that Mr. Trevenyon had written to the General. The post-mistress said that, judging by the weight of it, the letter must have been a long one.

The General, who was something at the War Office—Biddicombe did not exactly know what—was the Rector's junior by some four or five years; but, being endowed with those practical qualities which were conspicuously absent in his brother, he had early acquired a pretty complete ascendancy over him. On receipt of Mr. Trevenyon's letter he had taken the earliest opportunity which his duties afforded him of rushing down to Biddicombe, and, after a long interview with Mr. Trevenyon, he had definitely adopted the local solution of the problem.

The brothers were seated opposite each other after dinner, in the study; the General was smoking a cigar of the strongest brand; the Rector puffed thoughtfully at an old and cherished briar: both had a grave communication to make, both reflected for a while, and both began speaking at the same moment and in almost identical terms.

'Charles,'—'John, I have something important to tell you.'

The General raised his eyebrows in hopeful surprise.

'Then perhaps you had better begin,' he said; 'it may save me an awkward quarter of an hour.'

'I think,' began the Rector, speaking with evident emotion, 'nay, I am practically certain, that I have discovered a new bee!'

The General gave an impatient stamp. 'Oh, hang it,' he said testily, 'if it's only a bee, I shall have to do my talking after all. Now, it's really a serious business, Charles, and I want you to listen carefully.'

'When have I ever listened otherwise,' said the Rector, 'to the kindest and wisest of mentors?'

Well, I want you not only to listen but to attend, you know,' continued the General, flipping the ash from his cigar into the fender. 'It's this way—that is to say, it's rather awkward, but I had better take the bull by the horns, I suppose—the fact is that you have known Mary Honeypot a longish time, and like her pretty well, eh?'

'Poor dear Mary,' said the Rector sadly (he always spoke of her as 'poor Mary,' though nobody could say why), 'the sweetest and kindest soul. Nobody knows what she was to me in the time of my trouble.' There was a pause, during which the General puffed in sympathetic silence at his cigar. Then the Rector continued more cheerfully: 'The first time I saw her, she was perched on the calyx of a ranunculus—a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.'

The General's eyes were round with astonishment; for a moment he thought that his brother was mad. 'You saw her,' he gasped, 'perched on the thingamyjig of a ranunculus?'

'Yes,' continued the Rector. 'You know how diffident I am; for a moment I thought that she was just an abnormal specimen of the Prosopis—a throw-back, perchance, to some earlier and more primitive type; but when I drew softly closer and noted the markings on her comely back, the unusual striation—'

'Why, hang it!' cried the General, whose face had suddenly cleared, 'I believe you are back again at your beastly bee! Now *do* drop your striations and listen to me.'

Slowly and with great difficulty, he forced his brother to comprehend the meaning and the wisdom of his plan; he drew a lurid picture of the false position in which Miss Honeypot had been placed by the Rector's marked preference; he even hinted darkly at scandalous gossip. After a twenty minutes' speech, in which there was much iteration and a good deal of aposiopesis, he paused and wiped his forehead.

The Rector was deeply shocked and a good deal flustered. The idea of marrying Mary Honeypot had never so much as entered his head, but when it *had* once gained admittance there, it did not produce any particularly painful perturbation.

'Very well,' he said submissively. 'I have often taken your advice before, John, and I have always found it for the best. Perhaps things might be arranged in the way you desire—that is, of course, if Mary really wishes it, for she shall not be bullied; I will not have my poor Mary bullied.'

'Pooh!' exclaimed the General, 'who's going to bully her? It's you that will have to do the asking, not I.'

'True,' said his brother, 'true. I had forgotten. And now let me tell you about my bee.'

The General was a man of prompt action; moreover, his time at Biddicombe was short. He gave his brother a night to think matters over, and, punctually at eleven o'clock on the following morning, after a military inspection of his apparel, he despatched him on his fateful mission to 'The Laurels.' Then he sat down in the study to write letters and await the issue of events. Twelve o'clock struck on the old clock in the hall without disturbing his equanimity, but, when the lunch bell rang and still there was no news, he strode impatiently into the garden to see if the lover were anywhere in sight. As he turned the bend by the rhododendrons, he saw the Rector coming up the drive at a round pace and with a flushed and excited face.

'Well,' said the General, as soon as his brother was within comfortable speaking distance, 'have you had a successful interview?'

'Have I, indeed!' replied the Rector with unusual animation. 'An hour's *tête-à-tête*, John, that seemed to me like a minute, and which has confirmed all my wildest hopes!'

The General put his arm affectionately through his brother's. 'Well, old man,' he said, 'in that case, I don't think I need ask you what she said.'

'She said,' replied the Rector, smiling delightedly, 'as she always says to the intruder, "stay where you are, bold man, and be content to worship at a distance; come but a foot nearer, and I am off."'

The General withdrew his arm and planted himself in front of his brother in the middle of the drive.

'She said that to *you*? ' he gasped.

'Ay,' replied the Rector with increasing excitement, 'and the threat was no idle one. But, John, I was not to be baulked; I ran, as I have not run since I was a boy; I chased her from the garden to the fields, and from the fields on to the heath, and there at last I came up with her.'

The General could only repeat feebly, 'You chased Mary Honey-pot on to Biddicombe Heath?'

It was the Rector's turn to look perplexed.

'John,' he murmured, 'surely, surely, you know that I am speaking of my bee, my unnamed and unnameable bee.'

'Then I don't believe,' said his brother, 'that you have been to "The Laurels" at all.'

The Rector looked round helplessly for a moment, and coloured with confusion.

'I fear,' he said, 'I much fear that you are right, John, and that I have somehow omitted to see Mary altogether. Now how can it have happened? Let me remember. I came upon her among the lavender, as I was leaving the garden, and I fear that the excitement of the chase must have put all else out of my head. You don't know what it is to be a naturalist, John.'

The General bit his lips and swore softly to himself, but he made no audible comment; he even listened patiently during lunch to a long and detailed account of the adventures of the morning, feeling sure that, until he had unburdened his mind of this engrossing topic, his brother would be incapable of paying attention to anything else. But when the meal was finished, he led the truant into the study and sat him down at the writing table.

'Now, Charles,' he said firmly, 'this business has got to be settled by letter. Write what you have to write, and add that at five o'clock you will call in person for an answer.'

'I suppose,' pleaded the Rector timidly, 'that it could not wait for another four-and-twenty hours? I know her haunts now, and she is busy to-day among the flowers. I may never have such another chance, for who can say what to-morrow may bring forth!'

'No,' replied his brother, 'it can't wait. I have to be off the first thing to-morrow morning, and what is to be done must be done quickly.'

'To be sure, to be sure,' said the Rector resignedly, and, dipping a pen into the ink-pot, he applied himself to his task.

'And now,' said the General, when the letter was written, 'read it through again carefully and see that you haven't slipped in anything about that infernal—about that new kind of bee. . . . You are sure? . . . Very good: then put it in an envelope and give it to me. I am going to take it myself, and at five I shall deliver you at the same address. Till then you will sit here under observation.'

Even if she had not seen the General's portly form, as he retreated guiltily from 'The Laurels,' Miss Honeypot would have suspected his handiwork in the letter that lay on her lap as, with

dimmed eyes, she sat in the trim little drawing-room that looked out on to the trim little lawn. But the suspicion did not in any way influence her decision. From childhood upwards she had had a feeling of warm affection for the Rector of Biddicombe. She loved him for the gentleness and transparent simplicity of his character and for his unconscious dependence on herself. At one time, perhaps, she had experienced a little pang of disappointment, when her school-friend and not herself was chosen to share his life; but that feeling had long passed away, and she was content that the one romance of her life should remain an unfinished idyll.

Of late, however, a touch of pity had mingled with her affection. She saw, as others saw, that the Rector needed somebody more constantly at his side than she could be, and she suspected that, if she did not herself step into the breach, another would be found to fill it; for Biddicombe, she knew, had determined to marry its Rector, and Charles was too guileless to resist a concerted attack. It cost her something to leave her little house and her daily round of innocent occupations, for old maids cling quite as tenaciously as old bachelors to their habits and their surroundings; but she could not bear to think of Charles being tended in his old age by anybody who loved him less or understood him less than herself. So she never hesitated as to what her answer must be; only, she was considerably fluttered when the clock struck five and the front door bell rang.

The Rector, however, entered the room with his usual grave and tranquil smile, and, seating himself beside Miss Honey-pot, he took her hand in his, as he had often done before at solemn crises of their lives.

It was characteristic of him that any idea which had not originated in his own brain held a very precarious and uncertain footing there. It was equally characteristic that he viewed all the solemn events of life more as they concerned others than as they affected himself. As he stepped into the little drawing-room, the thought that dominated all others in his mind was that Mary was going to be married; his own part in the transaction was hardly present to his active consciousness at all.

‘Well, my dear,’ he began rather sadly, ‘so you are going to be married after all?’

To most people this method of making love would have been disconcerting; but Mary Honey-pot only smiled through her tears.

'Yes, Charles,' she said, 'I believe I am—I am going to be married after all!'

'And you have thought about it?' continued the Rector. 'It is your own wish? They haven't been putting pressure upon you, Mary?'

'No,' said Miss Honeypot simply, 'it is my own free choice, and I ought to be—I am, a very happy woman.'

There was a pause of several minutes, and then the Rector continued in the same sad strain.

'It will be a great change for you, Mary—a very great change. I hope you have weighed it well. To me, my married life was an unmixed blessing, an unmixed blessing. No one knows that better than you do, Mary. But it is not always so, my dear. Some wives—some husbands—'

He paused, and Miss Honeypot, who was feeling rather bewildered, waited for him to develop his idea. Instead, however, of doing that, he started on a fresh train of thought.

'I am afraid,' he said hesitatingly, 'that it must, almost inevitably, alter our relations to one another. We have been very much to each other, Mary; more perhaps than we—than I—realised till to-day. Your husband—and remember I am not saying a word against him, God forbid!—but your husband will certainly claim a good deal of your time, and, perhaps, might not like—'

He stopped, his natural delicacy of feeling making speech difficult, while Miss Honeypot exclaimed:

'But since *you* are to be my husband, Charles! . . .'

'True, true,' said the Rector quickly, and with a perceptible start, 'as you say, that makes a difference.' Then, pressing his companion's hand affectionately, he added, 'and if I did not do the best that in me lies to make you happy, Mary, I should be the meanest of all God's creatures.'

An hour afterwards the Rector found his brother walking impatiently in the garden, and, ignoring his questions, led him thoughtfully into the orchard. There, standing by the rustic bench which had been his dead wife's favourite resting place, he said, simply and quietly:

'I am very glad to have found you, John, as I have something to communicate which will perhaps surprise you. I have just come from "The Laurels," where a strange and very blessed thing has happened. Poor dear Mary has proposed to me, and I have accepted her. I hope you will not disapprove.'

G. F. BRADBY.



*THE WAR-JOURNALS  
OF 'GARIBALDI'S ENGLISHMAN.'*

JOHN WHITEHEAD PEARD, better known as 'Garibaldi's Englishman,' has left, on the Continent at least, a reputation which is to some extent legendary. But there exist materials for the detailed reconstruction of all that he saw and did under Garibaldi during the campaign of the Alps in 1859, and the campaign of Sicily and Naples in 1860. These materials are nothing less than his own contemporary journals, of which there are two equally authentic versions. The first is a little black pocket-book which he carried through both the campaigns, and filled up in a small and elegant hand, noting down, whenever opportunity occurred, all that he had seen and done since the last entry. (In this pocket-book, by the way, he did not keep, as legend represents him keeping, a list of all the Austrians or Neapolitans whom he had picked off with his famous rifle; but legend is so far right that he took the field with a pocket-book.) Secondly there is a yet more extensive narrative dealing with the campaign of 1859, but not with that of 1860; this narrative of the campaign in the Alps is to all intents and purposes a journal, based on the entries in the pocket-book, and on other recollections not noted there; it appears to have been written by Peard in Italy, between the campaigns of 1859 and 1860.

Readers of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE (August 1903) will remember Miss Frances Peard's account of her uncle, which was based on these manuscripts. They will perhaps now be interested to read some passages from the manuscripts themselves.

Garibaldi's troops in 1859 (the *Cacciatori delle Alpi*) consisted of three regiments of volunteers, each about 1000 strong; they were dressed in a Piedmontese uniform, for not even Garibaldi wore the red shirt in the official war of Cavour and Napoleon III against the Austrians. By the side of Garibaldi's *Cacciatori*, though not exactly in their ranks, Peard himself fought as an unattached 'gentleman adventurer,' as our forefathers would have called him.

In spite of Cavour's efforts on behalf of the Garibaldians, whose political and military value he thoroughly appreciated, the more jealous war-office succeeded in its object of sending the volunteers

to war without artillery, without a commissariat, and without serviceable firearms. For the bulk of Garibaldi's troops the bayonet was the only effective weapon in their hands. The impression made on the Englishman by his fellow soldiers, when he joined them at Casale, was favourable from the first.

'A great number, among whom were the Genovese,<sup>1</sup> were quartered in a large church which was undergoing repair. They had plenty of fresh straw to lie on, but unfortunately the rubbish had not been swept away and the dust that arose was anything but agreeable. 'Twas a curious scene, the interior of that church, and as the night fell, worthy of the pencil of a Salvator. Here and there large fires on the floor were surrounded by groups enjoying the warmth *in esse* and the anticipation of their suppers *in futuro*. Raised on a few bricks or pieces of stone the camp kettles were singing and sputtering, giving out odours worthy of better material than the tough ration beef that was to form the basis of the evening meal. . . . Candles are hung against the walls; by their light some are busily employed cleaning their arms, others are lying in groups, half buried in the straw, sleeping as soundly, perhaps more so, than on beds of down. Others are seated round a blazing pile of wood, singing either the popular ballads of the country or the wild airs and choruses of the camp, whilst the canteens pass quickly from hand to hand. In another part will be a crowd collected round one who will recite Tasso or Ariosto to the intense delight of his audience. Others again are keeping their auditors in a roar of laughter with their humour. Among the Genovese was one (I never knew his name; he was always called Rosso, like William II, from the colour of his hair) who had most of the tragedies of Alfieri by heart and who beguiled many an hour during the campaign by his recitations.'

Peard, who seems to have taken and given no orders during this campaign, was at first disposed to take the field in mufti, but his friends among the officers, some of whom 'spoke good English,' dissuaded him, Medici in particular exposing the dangers of such a course. He, therefore, appeared in his captain's uniform of the Duke of Cornwall's Rangers—'but without the cross belt' ('Journal,' May 6).

During the first weeks of the war of 1859 Garibaldi and his men were under the command of the Piedmontese generals in the valley of the Po. The Austrians should have attacked before the

<sup>1</sup> The Genoese *carabinieri*, at first about fifty strong, alone were armed with good rifles, their private property. They were the *corps d'élite* and skirmishers of the little army; crack-shots all.—G. M. T.

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In spite of Cavour's efforts on behalf of the Garibaldians, whose political and military value he thoroughly appreciated, the more jealous war-office succeeded in its object of sending the volunteers

to war without artillery, without a commissariat, and without serviceable firearms. For the bulk of Garibaldi's troops the bayonet was the only effective weapon in their hands. The impression made on the Englishman by his fellow soldiers, when he joined them at Casale, was favourable from the first.

'A great number, among whom were the Genovese,<sup>1</sup> were quartered in a large church which was undergoing repair. They had plenty of fresh straw to lie on, but unfortunately the rubbish had not been swept away and the dust that arose was anything but agreeable. 'Twas a curious scene, the interior of that church, and as the night fell, worthy of the pencil of a Salvator. Here and there large fires on the floor were surrounded by groups enjoying the warmth *in esse* and the anticipation of their suppers *in futuro*. Raised on a few bricks or pieces of stone the camp kettles were singing and sputtering, giving out odours worthy of better material than the tough ration beef that was to form the basis of the evening meal. . . . Candles are hung against the walls; by their light some are busily employed cleaning their arms, others are lying in groups, half buried in the straw, sleeping as soundly, perhaps more so, than on beds of down. Others are seated round a blazing pile of wood, singing either the popular ballads of the country or the wild airs and choruses of the camp, whilst the canteens pass quickly from hand to hand. In another part will be a crowd collected round one who will recite Tasso or Ariosto to the intense delight of his audience. Others again are keeping their auditors in a roar of laughter with their humour. Among the Genovese was one (I never knew his name; he was always called Rosso, like William II, from the colour of his hair) who had most of the tragedies of Alfieri by heart and who beguiled man an hour during the campaign by his recitations.'

Peard, who seems to have taken and given no orders during this campaign, was at first disposed to take the field in mufti, but his friends among the officers, some of whom 'spoke good English,' dissuaded him, Medici in particular exposing the dangers of such a course. He, therefore, appeared in his captain's uniform of the Duke of Cornwall's Rangers—'but without the cross belt' ('Journal,' May 6).

During the first weeks of the war of 1859 Garibaldi and his men were under the command of the Piedmontese generals in the valley of the Po. The Austrians should have attacked before the

<sup>1</sup> The Genoese *carabinieri*, at first about fifty strong, alone were armed with good rifles, their private property. They were the *corps d'élite* and skirmishers of the little army; crack-shots all.—G. M. T.

French arrived, but they did not, partly perhaps on account of the heavy and continual rains.

'Marched,' writes Peard on May 12, 'through a muddy and partially flooded road to S. Germano. To get on to it from the fields near the railroad we had to cross a rapid stream, our bridge the trunk of a tree thrown across. It seemed to afford much fun to the men to see the others pass. I fancy from the shouts that some fell in, for it was slippery. My mettle was up by hearing them call attention to the *Inglese*, so I held up my head, and marched across as if on parade, though I expected every instant to slip off.'

The point of this incident will be missed by those who do not know that Peard, as his fellow-collegians have recorded, was 'of great stature and extraordinary muscular strength,' with 'the shoulders of a bull,' that he had weighed fourteen stone when as a boy of nineteen he had been the terror of the 'town' at Oxford, and that by 1859 he was certainly not less heavy, though his magnificent beard saved him from looking less handsome than of old. It would have been worth while to see the 'Duke of Cornwall's Ranger' march over that tree with the young Italians looking on in laughing admiration.

When the French arrived, the allies assumed the offensive against the Austrians, and Garibaldi was detached from the main army and sent north to the foot of the Alps, with a free hand to do what he could in the lake district with 3000 ill-armed but high-spirited youths, against well-furnished regular forces of about twice their number. Garibaldi was the detached left wing of the allied army, but he made himself also the advanced guard, by unexpectedly crossing the Ticino, where it issues from the Lago Maggiore, winning the victories of Varese, Malnate, and San Fermo, and so forcing his way into Como town. all between May 22 and 27. These brilliant successes are described as follows by Peard in the narrative based upon his pocket-book journal and his other recollections.

At Borgomanero, to the south-west of Lago Maggiore, the Garibaldini had, on May 22, no idea that their chief intended at once to lead them across the Ticino into Austrian territory, and into the midst of the Austrian armies.

'This morning the report of some heavy guns was heard in the direction of Novara,' and speculation was afoot as to where we were going. An order was issued for all baggage to be left behind

Viz. from the south, from the main armies in the valley of the Po.—G. M. T.



and for the men to carry nothing but what could be stowed in their haversacks. At 4 P.M. the assembly sounded. Just as the march was about to commence, one of those sudden thunderstorms came on which are so common along this part of Italy. Here again Garibaldi showed his thought for his men's health. Scarcely had the rain commenced when he galloped up and ordered them instantly to seek shelter till the *temporale* was over. He knew too, which we did not, the march that was before us that night, and that if any serious work was to be done the men would be more fit for it in dry clothes than if numbed in wet ones. . . . No storm ever stopped him when the service required that his troops should move. In about an hour the storm was over, the men fell in and we marched out of Borgomanero. One battalion under Major Cirioni was left behind to guard the baggage and bring up some mountain guns that the General had got hold of.<sup>1</sup> As we shook hands at parting, the Major whispered "Don't say anything about it, but you will be in Lombardy in the morning."

'Passing the crest of a hill about 7 o'clock we saw the Lago Maggiore at our feet. A cheer arose from the leading company, but the word was passed back for silence. In about half an hour we were halted at the entrance of the town of Arona. Here we remained till dusk. It began to get very chilly. Those who knew Arona could tell exactly where each regiment would be billeted, so many in the theatre, so many in such and such a church, &c. Others would say it was too bad of the Municipio not to have had all ready for our arrival. But all the wise ones were mistaken. The order was given *Avanti*, and instead of entering the town, we turned off sharp to the right and took the Strada Postale for Sesto Calende. There was no need to order *silenzio*—every one felt something was to be done, though no one knew what. It was about 11 o'clock when the head of the column reached the turn of the road that leads to Sesto, about a quarter of a mile from the ferry. There was one of the Guidi, who stooped and whispered to the officer of the leading section, and we turned off by a road that apparently led directly inland towards Novara. The wise ones, again in whispers, said we were certainly going to make a night march on that place and fall on the rear of the Austrians. The clocks struck midnight as we passed through the streets of a small town and we entered the gates of what seemed a park. In the avenue it was dark as pitch; at length emerging from the trees a large villa was discovered close to us. Still we kept advancing *passo passo* and a small candle stuck on the ground showed a gap in the shrubs through which the men filed and immediately commenced a steep descent through stones and low bushes. Reaching

They did not, however, arrive in time for the battles of Varese or San Fermo in the following days.—G. M. T



the trees at the bottom of the slope something bright was seen through them. It was the Ticino.

This move of Garibaldi's had been most ably planned and was most perfectly successful. He had sent on a confidential agent<sup>1</sup> who had a day or two before dropped down some of the large lake barges to Castelletto which is the name of the Borgo we passed at midnight. There they were moored below the grounds of the villa which stands on the high bank overlooking the river; no suspicion was excited. The troops were far off. I believe it was while they were still at Capriasco. Neither did any road lead down to the water at that point. Besides this, orders had been sent to the Municipio of Arona to be prepared with rations and billets for the men. This would be sure to be known to the enemy, who naturally watched that part of the lake opposite Arona where they might expect the passage to be attempted. No sooner did the leading company reach the bank than it was placed on board one of the barges, and as it pushed off another took its place. Not a sound was heard, those in the rear did not know that their comrades were crossing the river, only every few minutes there was a short move to the front. The Ticino here, it was about a mile below Sesto Calende, is deep, wide, and very rapid. The barges were worked up a short distance along the shore and then shot out into the stream, dropping down a considerable distance ere they reached the opposite bank. There the landing was conducted with the same silence as at the embarkation and each company as it was formed was marched towards the town. The moon rose whilst the passage was being made and showed the beauty of the scene. On the opposite shore the walls of the villa shone out white over the trees whilst the Ticino rushed along whirling and eddying in the foreground, the bright surface broken only by the huge black barges with their living freight.

All was repose and false security at Sesto. The small number of Austrians who were in the place were captured in their beds without a shot being fired. Occasionally, as we passed the streets, the head of some one who had been roused from sleep by the tramp of the soldiery would appear for a moment at a window, to be as quickly withdrawn. Day was just beginning to break as we got possession of the place. The people had gone to rest slaves and awoke free. . . . Some half dozen of us went into a cottage and asked the good woman to make us some coffee; she also produced eggs and bread and offered us their beds to get some rest. Afterwards in the afternoon when we left the cottage and asked for the charge we were told there was nothing to pay, that they were too happy to have been able to do anything for their liberators. This was not putting the money aside with one hand to take it with the

<sup>1</sup> Viz. Simonetta.—G. M. T.

other. They seemed to feel hurt when it was pressed, so we compromised it and salved our consciences by making some trifling presents to the children.

'At 4.30 p.m. the bugles sounded and at 5 o'clock we marched for Varese. Following first the road to Somma, after some couple of miles we turned off to the left through a highly cultivated country. Mounting a hill a magnificent view burst on us. Immediately below on the left was the lake of Comabbio, just beyond it that of Monate, and away in the distance peeping through the hills the bright waters of the Lago Maggiore. In front, the mountains from Varese to Gavirate and Laveno with the Lago di Varese at their base. Whilst immediately round us on the right rose steep hills clothed with forests of chestnut. Passing some villages and descending into the low grounds we passed the extensive buildings of a large factory. The people rushed from their work into the road and thronged the windows and we marched on amidst vehement shouts of "*Viva Garibaldi*," "*Viva l' Italia*." A short halt in the meadows where the haymakers were busy, and the march was resumed. But by this time the scene began to change, the sun had set, and over the mountains of Varese the black clouds began to pack, sending out low growls of thunder. As the dark pall descended the mountain sides, the thunder became heavier and the flashes of lightning succeeded each other quicker. As we wound round the head of the lake I shall never forget the fire flies. The meadows were filled with them. They pitched on our clothes and merry was the laugh at seeing the bright spots checked in the bushy beard of some soldier. However, laughing was nearly at an end, for as the column ascended the hill to Varese, the rain began to fall in torrents. The lightning too was blinding. At one instant as dark as pitch, at the next, the whole scene was lighted as if by a full moon. I never recollect to have been out in such a terrific storm. It was eleven o'clock ere we entered Varese. There, though the rain was coming down in torrents and the thunder and lightning so terrific, the whole of the population seemed to be in the streets to welcome us, with bands of music and torches. The cheering rivalled the noise of the thunder; weary and drenched with rain every feeling of discomfort was lost in the excitement of the moment. Seeing a lady with her children under one of the Porticoes I ran over and asked to be directed to some inn. She at once sent her servant with me, and I was most thankful to get an excellent bed at the Leon d' Oro.'

This entry into Varese was on the night of May 23. On May 26 the town was attacked from the south-east by a superior force of Austrians under Urban, and the battle of Varese took place. The first part was a successful defence of the place, the second part

the pursuit of the Austrians and the dislodging of them from a strong position taken up by them behind Malnate. Both parts of the battle are well described by Peard. On the morning of the 26th he had just returned to Varese, tired and footsore, from a distant expedition.

'Innocent of what was preparing I went off at once to the Leon d' Oro to get my bed. Whilst waiting in the street for some one to come down and open the door, for no one was yet up in the house, I heard some musket shots. I asked a man who was passing what it was; he replied, only some men firing off their muskets in one of the *Caserme* preparatory to cleaning them. I had just reached my room, when the windows shook with the report of artillery. I knew that was not our doing, seeing we had no guns. In a few seconds I was in the street and *en route* towards the Como road, in which direction the firing was. The others were hastening in the same direction. As we approached the entrance of the town the shells began to fly over our heads, but they all burst harmlessly. I do not believe any one was hurt by them. During our absence at Besozzo the place had been put in a state of defence, a barricade had been erected, flanked by the last house, the windows of which and a short garden wall inside which a scaffold had been erected to enable men to fire over it if necessary, ran parallel with the road for some sixty paces. The rest of the wall facing the country had been loop-holed. On this side was a small plain not more than a mile in extent, covered with mulberry trees and at the time with high corn. On each side of the plain are low hills. Through the centre of this, which is like a huge arena of an amphitheatre, the Como road passes. Where it enters, on a rising ground, on one side are some extensive farm buildings, and a small church in a hollow on the other. The Austrian force consisted of five battalions of infantry, four guns and some Hulans. Calculating their strength by the usual numbers of 1200 to an Austrian battalion they were above 6000. Our force was the 2nd Regiment, with the Carabinieri and one company of the 1st Regiment, the remainder of that regiment being left in reserve in Varese. Almost the last shot their artillery gave us went through the wall of a villa close to the barricade. The Doctor was standing near and one of ours called to him, "Doctor, here is a wound past your skill." "Where, where?" said the Medico, rushing across, expecting to see one of the men on the ground. The hole in the villa was pointed out to him—at first he looked rather blank, but soon joined in the laugh that was raised at his expense.

Overhead it was a lovely clear morning, but along the ground rose a blue smoke like mist which prevented our seeing any distance. The firing did not improve it at first, but as the sun got power it

passed off entirely. The enemy had advanced in the haze with their guns and some companies of infantry to within a hundred paces of our barricade, but our young soldiers did not approve of standing to be peppered, so accordingly they rushed on them with the bayonette and drove them back. The artillery limbered up their guns, and we saw no more of them for the day. Then our men were extended and advanced in skirmishing order, steadily driving in the enemy's riflemen. It took a good hour to clear the plain. The loss must have been considerable in this part of the day. They generally managed to carry off all the wounded and as many of the dead as possible, but they on this occasion left many dead in the corn, lying three and four together. In the road near the farm was one of their mounted officers. One of ours<sup>1</sup> was standing talking with an officer of the 1st, who called his attention and asked if he thought he could bring him down. "I don't know, but I will try" was the answer; the first shot missed, but the second dropped him. On reaching the farm the peasantry said he had been carried to the rear with his arm shattered, and also that a great many, both officers and men, were carried away wounded. Whilst we were advancing across the plain they kept up a tremendous fire upon us. Volleys of balls would every now and then cut through the mulberry trees, bringing down a shower of leaves like a frosty October morning. Then the rifle balls would by ones and twos give their shrill whistle as they passed. 'Tis a far from unpleasant sound that same whistle, for you know when you hear it that it is all right; the ball has passed you. As our men pressed forward the enemy retired, but disputing the ground tree by tree. After we got past the farm the company halted to wait for the arrival of the rest of the column. Garibaldi rode up with his staff, with his usual good-humoured smile he said, "Carabinieri, I am sorry you are kept without your breakfasts, you know it is not my fault; however, we must go on a little and see what has become of our friends, 'twould be uncivil not to see them a little further on their road after coming so far to visit us." "*Viva Garibaldi, viva Italia*" arose from one and all, "never mind the breakfast, General, we will go as far as you like." "*Grazie, grazie, amici miei.*"

'From the farm above mentioned the road descends for nearly a mile into a narrow valley, having on each side steep, thickly wooded hills. Winding round the base of one of them, it again ascends to a small village immediately beyond which is a plateau some half mile wide, covered as at Varese with mulberry trees and high corn. Then the road descends again into a narrow valley not 200 yards across, and crossing the stream which runs through it by a bridge, winds round a knoll and rises gradually to Malnate,

<sup>1</sup> Evidently Peard himself.—G. M. T.

a mile further on. On the Malnate side of this valley is, on the summit of the almost precipitous bank, the small village of S. Salvatore, to the right and left of which it is thickly covered with trees and shrubs, and the stream which runs at its foot is dammed back by a weir for the purposes of irrigation; thus forming a wet ditch with pretty deep water, impassable above the weir. The narrow strip at the bottom of the valley, or perhaps we should more justly call it ravine, was covered with long grass, just ready to be cut for hay. The rear guard of the Austrian column was found in position on this ground, posted among the trees and houses completely commanding the road and bridge over the stream. The main body were seen ascending the hill to Malnate.

No sooner did our leading company appear on the edge of the plateau opposite S. Salvatore than the enemy opened a hot fire upon them. The Carabinieri were instantly extended on the right of the road along the edge of the ravine on our side, and on the left, which was immediately in front of the enemy's position, two companies of the second regiment with the company of the 1st on their left. Tremendous was the shower of balls from the enemy's rifles, but our men kept gradually creeping up, taking advantage of every tree, and keeping up a smart fire. The company on the left, advancing where the banks approached each other, would in a few moments have overlapped the enemy's right, when we saw them begin to give way. In a moment there was a rush down the steep on our side and across the meadow to the weir. There the bank was so steep that ours were obliged to take advantage of the shrubs to haul themselves up, and before they could reach the summit the enemy were gone. At 9.30 we were in possession of the village. They left a few dead behind them, but carried off all their wounded but one, forty-five in number, so the peasantry told us. Now we felt painfully our want of some light cavalry. The men could do no more; we had been engaged since four o'clock, five and a half hours, and the Carabinieri, who alone had arms of long range, had been on foot from 2 A.M. on the previous day. It was useless to continue the pursuit, so after waiting a short time at S. Salvatore they were ordered to rejoin the main body.

Our victory put the troops in high spirits. Not only had we beaten back a large body of the enemy, outnumbering us more than five to one, and that through a country that was capable of being held by a small against a larger force, but it had shown that our young soldiers were steady under a heavy fire. The moral effect produced on our side was as favourable as it was discouraging on the other. Our men had been, scarcely any of them, more than two months enrolled, for be it remembered the corps of the Cacciatori delle Alpi was only commenced to be formed in the early part

of March, and yet they had not only stood against, but beaten the trained soldiers of Austria. It is true our troops had an incitement to exertion, possessed by few others, happily. They were volunteers, fighting for the independence of their country, and to rid it of a hateful foreign yoke. Besides, few among them but had suffered either in their own persons, or of those who were dear to them, from the barbarities and tyranny of the Austrians. Thus in the breast of every man there was a personal feeling of vengeance and deadly hate which could not be found amongst those who compose the ranks of ordinary armies.

'Our loss was not so great as might have been expected. I know not what was the loss on the enemy's side, but they took back into Como forty-three waggons loaded with wounded, besides those that were sent off by rail. By 1 P.M. the corps had re-entered Varese in triumph.'

Next day the victorious Garibaldini pushed forward from Varese to Como, forcing the passage of the mountains in a series of actions, generally known as the battle of S. Fermo. The following is Peard's account of that famous day and night.

'Early in the morning of May 27, Garibaldi led his troops from Varese. The march across the battle-field of the previous day, the scene of their first encounter and first victory over the enemy, served to raise high the spirits of the men. They had to lament the loss of but few of their comrades. Ten only had been killed. One only I believe died of his wounds in the hospital, but that was some days later. Poor Rollero, he was the life of his company, the Carabinieri. With a fine voice he sang remarkably well, and was a general favourite. There was a halt at Malnate. Here we got intelligence of the enemy. After the rout of their rear-guard on the previous day they had remained but a short time in the town, and then proceeded on their way to Como, apparently much dispirited. Leaving the post road, which leads to Como by Camerlata, the troops turned off to the left, at the little village of Solbiate, and took that which leads by Paré, over the heights of S. Fermo, to that city. Reaching Paré we began to think it was hopeless to expect any fighting that day, for it was a position that it seemed impossible the enemy should not have occupied. The road passes through a small narrow plain. In front and on the right are low

<sup>1</sup> The *Note-book* gives the following incident of the return to Varese. 'I fell in with the body who were preparing to return, and the staff. Garibaldi came up to me and asked if I was wounded. I said, "only the skin walked off my feet." "Then we must mount you," said he, "if you will do me the favour to let me lend you a horse." He desired an A.D.C. to let me have one. "There, that grey is for you." I got on his back.'



wooded hills, with farms and villas surrounded by enclosures; on the left the ground falls abruptly, and a magnificent view is obtained of the Swiss mountains round the Lago di Lugano.

'Two or three companies of resolute riflemen might have held the position against almost any numbers that could be brought against them. Shortly after passing the village, the troops were halted whilst the country in front was felt. The Carabinieri were extended and moved to occupy the high ground on our left, whilst some companies were advanced on the road leading to the church of S. Fermo. This church, with some cottages, is placed on an abrupt bank facing the road from the westward, and is surrounded by large trees. The road, which leads for some way between high walls, suddenly making a turn to the left and then again to the right, advances for about a hundred yards straight to the church. Here the Austrians were posted in force. The position was well chosen. Two roads branch off directly in the rear of their position, one descending to Como, the other leading through thick olive groves to Camerlata. It was just four o'clock when they opened their fire, and for nearly an hour it was kept up hotly on both sides. Their rifles flashed from every window of the church and tower, and from behind the walls. At length our Carabinieri were gradually overlapping their right by the heights and olive grounds, and those in the road, being formed under the cover of the garden walls, made a rush with bayonets fixed up the road in the front. Their fire told on our men with dreadful precision, and before the short distance was passed many fell. All the officers of the leading company were down. Poor Christophoris, the captain, only survived about twenty minutes. He died just after he had been carried to the temporary hospital that was established in a villa close in the rear, attended in his last moments by his brother, who was on the medical staff. A more gallant soldier or truer friend was not in the corps. Pedotti, the Tenente, was shot dead; he lay on the road where he fell, with his sword still grasped firmly in his hand. The Sotto Tenente<sup>1</sup> was carried off, badly wounded. Of the men, though few were killed, numbers were lying wounded. One young man—he did not seem above eighteen or nineteen—was shot through the foot; he sat by the roadside tying a handkerchief round the wound, from which the blood was streaming. An officer passing stopped and spoke to him. "I am not so badly hurt," said the gallant fellow, "but that in a few minutes I hope to get another shot at the Briganti."

'But the Austrians did not wait after this charge. They fled from their position. Had they remained, in another five minutes every soul of them would have been killed or made prisoners. Ours chased them, but only succeeded in capturing a very few. Several

<sup>1</sup> Viz. Guerzoni, afterwards Garibaldi's principal biographer.—G. M. T.

companies were immediately advanced to take possession of the ridge on the front and right, which overhangs Como, and extends from that place on the west up to Camerlata. Others to the heights on our left which look down on the city and lake; with one company in advance on the main road leading down to Como, where they occupied an *osteria* with a terrace and low wall in front. By this road a strong column of the enemy retired under the fire of our men on the left. Looking down from this part of the field the enemy's main body was seen in the Piazza d' Armi—infantry, cavalry, and artillery. The distance must have been at least 1000 yards. Some few shot from the rifle were directed at them, and we were told in Como afterwards that three or four of them were wounded. Three of ours advanced through the vineyards, some distance in front of our own men, and got a good position from which they kept up a smart fire. It evidently galled the enemy, for they commenced, from the column that had retired by the main road, to fire at the spot occupied by those marksmen by platoons, but they lay down in a narrow path from which they could continue their fire, and fortunately remained unhurt. Two had exhausted their ammunition and returned for a fresh supply; the third remained. After a short time, looking through the grass, he saw a strong body ascending the ravine, within some fifty paces of him, which led to the crest of the heights on the left of our position. Giving his shot into the middle of the column as a sort of parting salute, he fled as fast as possible, under a perfect storm of bullets, and hastened up to tell the General of the move.

'Garibaldi immediately reinforced those on the left. As the leading sub-division turned an angle in the narrow road, they fell in with the enemy, who had just reached the summit. They gave one volley, and then with their cry, "*Viva Garibaldi*," rushed on the Austrians with the bayonet. They fired hurriedly; the balls knocked up the gravel, but not one of ours was touched. The Austrian officer was among the swiftest of the racers, and the first who ran. One of the men picked up, and wore back afterwards in triumph, his shako, which had fallen off in his flight. At the head of the ravine they made a stand, under shelter of a wall, but a sergeant of ours called three or four to his side, and getting a good flanking position, the enemy soon resumed their flight, with ours upon them with the bayonet. That was a favourite arm with our men. The great majority had only the old pattern musket; with this almost now useless arm had they been sent by the War Minister to cope with the Austrian riflemen, many of them, too, the noted marksmen of the Tyrol. But whenever ours had a chance they added to their war cry "*Viva Italia*," "*Viva Garibaldi*," the words "*Bayonette in canna*," and then the enemy

Peard himself, as the *Note-book* shows.—G. M. T.

might be sure mischief was meant. This was the last attempt the enemy made. For some time a steady fire was poured down on the ravine from the height above, and just as the sun had gone down, and it was beginning to get dusk, the whole of the troops on our left were collected and formed in the high road.

'After a short time Garibaldi rode to the front with his staff, with the peak of his cap pulled down close on his eyes, the only indication he ever gave of his thoughts being more intensely occupied than usual. It was as usual a barometer of his feelings, as the working of the stump of Nelson's arm. Slowly the whole body began to move. As we descended the wide road, darkness began to close in. Every one expected some hot work before we should be in Como, for they had seen the formidable column that occupied the Piazza d'Armi. As we got nearer what was naturally supposed would be the scene of a hand to hand struggle, the halts, though of only a few minutes' duration, became frequent. The men were careful in arranging the position of their canteens and anything that might make a noise. They seemed to step lighter than usual, for not a footfall was to be heard. The silence became almost painful. In this way the first of the houses of the suburb were reached. The inhabitants instantly, as the column advanced, showed lights at their windows. They began to cry "*Viva Garibaldi!*" but some one would run over immediately and beg them to remain silent. We were rapidly passing the suburb. Where were the Austrians whom we had seen in such strength an hour or two before in occupation of the place? The suburb is passed. At the entrance of the city [Como] is a dense mass of figures with torches. Lights rapidly appearing in all the windows, and instead of a storm of Austrian bullets the troops were met with a deafening shout, "*Viva Italia!*" "*Viva Garibaldi!*"

'The people were wild with delight. Men with torches marched on either side of his horse, and old and young rushed forward kissing his feet and clothes. Old men with tears streaming down their faces, and young girls threw their arms round our necks and saluted us as their deliverers. The uproar was immense. The sound of the bells which were ringing in all the *campanili*, and music of the bands, were drowned by the cheering of the crowds that were assembled in the large Piazza. Marshal Urban, with eight battalions, a battery of guns, and some squadrons of Hulans, had evacuated the city about an hour previous to our arrival. He had gone off towards Milan and Monza. So hurried was the Marshal's flight that he abandoned his military chest; stores of every sort, ambulances, &c., and forgetting to break the communication of the telegraph. His despatch to Milan, stating that he was attacked by overwhelming numbers and forced to retire, was received at the station in Como. If I remember rightly, he calculated the attack-

ing force at 15,000! about five times the amount of Garibaldi's numbers, had the whole of the corps been present. In the mean time our right wing, which, as has been mentioned, were advanced from S. Fermo to crown the heights on the west of Como towards Camerlata, had occupied that place, and were quartered in the houses and in the buildings attached to the railway station. In the suburb, too, of Como, on the Milan road, barricades were thrown up ready to receive the enemy, if, recovering from their panic, they should attempt a sudden attack.

'The reception given us by the Comascenes was most warm. In the cafés we were not allowed to pay for the slight refreshments we might order. It may sound a trivial affair to have a cup of coffee or an ice paid for, but the attention was genuine, and is not unusual amongst the Italians. It is not that your friend says, "I will pay for what you have had," but it is done without a word, and the only notice you get is that the waiter tells you "It is paid." The inhabitants pressed us to stay in their houses as long as we remained in Como, and it was difficult to decline their offers of kindness. In my own case, three families begged me to accept quarters in their houses, and the following morning, being obliged to have recourse to a tailor to repair my tunic, which had been badly torn, after some hours' work, he positively refused any remuneration. "Allow me," said he, "the pleasure of rendering this trifling assistance to one of our liberators." It is more by such acts than by grand fêtes that the true feelings of the people are shown.'

The repulse at Laveno is also described by Peard, but in a less interesting manner; at the surprise-battle of Tre Ponti, owing to his leisurely manner of following the army *en grand seigneur* when no engagement was expected, the gallant gentleman came too late for the serious fighting, and only describes how he had to ford a ditch, up to his waist in water, to avoid capture by a party of Austrians. But readers will by now know enough to be able to judge for themselves what elements of truth and falsehood are contained in Dumas' famous account of 'Sir' John Peard, which is good fun and good legend, though in a somewhat distant relation to the facts of history.

'Le lendemain eut lieu le combat de Varèse; Garibaldi lança ses tirailleurs en avant; mais, quelque hâte qu'ils eussent mise à attaquer l'ennemi, ils trouvèrent déjà sir John aux prises avec lui.

'Sir John, comme il l'avait dit, avait déclaré la guerre à l'Autriche et se battait pour son compte.

'Non-seulement il se battait pour son compte, mais encore il se battait à sa manière.

'Il était debout, sans perdre un pouce de sa grande taille, sans garantir un coin de son grand corps.

'Il ne s'inquiétait pas plus des balles et des boulets que si c'étaient des moustiques ou des abeilles.

'Il visait aussi tranquillement que s'il eût été à l'affût, lâchait son coup de fusil, posait sa carabine contre son pied, prenait son binocle mis au point, regardait pour voir l'effet de son coup, faisait un mouvement de tête négatif ou approbatif, selon qu'il était mécontent ou satisfait, rechargeait son fusil, visait de nouveau, faisait feu, reprenait son binocle, et témoignait de nouveau son mécontentement ou sa satisfaction.

'L'ennemi en fuite, Garibaldi, maître comme toujours du champ de bataille, sir John ne s'occupa plus que de chercher ses morts et ses blessés, qu'ils connaissait parfaitement, comme, en battue, le chasseur reconnaît les lièvres qu'il a tués roide ou blessés seulement.

'Ses morts et ses blessés reconnus, les uns et les autres portés sur son calepin, l'Anglais se mit à poursuivre les Autrichiens, et avec ses longues jambes eut bientôt rejoint les meilleurs marcheurs.

'Garibaldi le laissa tirailler ainsi deux ou trois fois à sa guise et sans avoir l'air de faire attention à lui. Mais, comme, avant tout, Garibaldi aime les braves, il s'arrêta, il alla droit à l'Anglais, et, au beau milieu du feu :

'— Sir John, lui dit-il, je vous fais mon compliment, vous êtes un brave.

'— Je le sais bien, dit l'Anglais.

'— Et, de plus, vous êtes mon ami.

'— Ah, ceci, dit sir John, je ne le savais pas, et je vous suis bien reconnaissant. . . . Mais pardon, il y a là un diable d'Autrichien qui me tire l'œil.

'Sir John porta sa carabine à son épaule, et l'Autrichien qui lui tirait l'œil, atteint en pleine poitrine, fit trois pas en avant et tomba sur le nez.

'Sir John prit son binocle, examina son Autrichien, fit un signe de satisfaction, et, se tournant vers le général :

'— Bonjour, général, dit-il en lui tendant la main ; votre santé est bonne aujourd'hui ?

'Depuis ce jour-là, on n'appelle plus sir John Williams (*sic*) Peard que *l'Anglais de Garibaldi*.—DUMAS. *Causeries*, ii. 279-281.

But in fact Peard was not only humane towards the enemy, but modest with regard to his own achievements, as his journals amply show.

G. M. TREVELYAN.

*AT LARGE.<sup>1</sup>*

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON.

## VII.

KELMSCOTT AND WILLIAM MORRIS.

I HAD been at Fairford that still, fresh, April morning, and had enjoyed the sunny little piazza, with its pretty characteristic varieties of pleasant stone-built houses, solid Georgian fronts interspersed with mullioned gables. But the church! That is a marvellous place; its massive lantern-tower, with solid, softly moulded outlines—for the sandy oolite admits little fineness of detail—all weathered to a beautiful orange-grey tint, has a mild dignity of its own. Inside it is a treasure of mediævalism. The screens, the woodwork, the monuments, all rich, dignified, and spacious. And the glass! Next to King's College Chapel, I suppose, it is the noblest series of windows in England, and the colour of it is incomparable. Azure and crimson, green and damask, yet all with a firm economy of effect, the robes of the saints set and imbedded in a fine intricacy of white tabernacle-work. As to the design, I hardly knew whether to smile or weep. The splendid, ugly faces of the saints, depicted, whether designedly or artlessly I cannot guess, as men of simple passions and homely experience, moved me greatly, so unlike the mild, polite, porcelain visages of even the best modern glass. But the windows are as thick with demons as a hive with bees; and oh! the irresponsible levity displayed in these merry, grotesque, long-nosed creatures, some flame-coloured and long-tailed, some green and scaly, some plated like the armadillo, all going about their merciless work with infinite gusto and glee! Here one picked at the white breast of a languid, tortured woman who lay bathed in flame; one with a glowing hook thrust a lamentable big-paunched wretch down into a bath of molten liquor; one with pleased intentness turned the handle of a churn, from the top of which protruded the head of a fair-haired boy, all distorted with pain and terror. What could have been in the mind of the designer of these hateful scenes? It is impossible to acquit him



of a strong sense of the humorous. Did he believe that such things were actually in progress in some infernal cavern, seven times heated? I fear it may have been so. And what of the effect upon the minds of the village folk who saw them day by day? It would have depressed, one would think, an imaginative girl or boy into madness, to dream of such things as being countenanced by God for the heathen and the unbaptized, as well as for the cruel and sinful. If the vile work had been represented as being done by cloudy, sombre, relentless creatures, it would have been more tolerable. But these fantastic imps, as lively as grigs and full to the brim of wicked laughter, are certainly enjoying themselves with an extremity of delight of which no trace is to be seen in the mournful and heavily lined faces of the faithful. *Autre temps, autres mœurs!* Perhaps the simple, coarse mental palates of the village folk were none the worse for this realistic treatment of sin. One wonders what the saintly and refined Keble, who spent many years of his life as his father's curate here, thought of it all. Probably his submissive and deferential mind accepted it as in some ecclesiastical sense symbolical of the merciless hatred of God for the desperate corruption of humanity. It gave me little pleasure to connect the personality of Keble with the place, patient, sweet-natured, mystical, serviceable as he was. It seems hard to breathe in the austere air of a mind like Keble's, where the wind of the spirit blows chill down the narrow path, fenced in by the high, uncompromising walls of ecclesiastical tradition on the one hand and stern Puritanism on the other. An artificial type, one is tempted to say!—and yet one ought never, I suppose, so to describe any flower that has blossomed fragrantly upon the human stock; any system that seems to extend a natural and instinctive appeal to certain definite classes of human temperament.

I sped pleasantly enough along the low, rich pastures, thick with hedgerow elms, to Lechlade, another pretty town with an infinite variety of habitations. Here again is a fine ancient church with a comely spire, 'a pretty pyramis of stone,' as the old Itinerary says, overlooking a charming gabled house, among walled and terraced gardens, with stone balls on the corner-posts and a quaint pavilion, the river running below; and so on to a bridge over the yet slender Thames, where the river water spouted clear and fragrant into a wide pool; and across the flat meadows, bright with kingcups, the spire of Lechlade towered over the clustered house-roofs to the west.

Then further still by a lonely ill-laid road. And thus, with a mind pleasantly attuned to beauty and a quickening pulse, I drew near to Kelmscott. The great alluvial flat, broadening on either hand, with low wooded heights, 'not ill-designed,' as Morris said, to the south. Then came a winding cross-track, and presently I drew near to a straggling village, every house of which had some charm and quality of style, with here and there a high gabled dovecot, and its wooden cupola, standing up among solid barns and stacks. Here was a tiny and inconspicuous church, with a small stone belfry; and then the road pushed on, to die away among the fields. But there, at the very end of the village, stood the house of which we were in search; and it was with a touch of awe, with a quickening heart, that I drew near to a place of such sweet and gracious memories, a place so dear to more than one of the heroes of art.

One comes to the goal of an artistic pilgrimage with a certain sacred terror; either the place is disappointing, or it is utterly unlike what one anticipates. I knew Kelmscott so well from Rossetti's letters, from Morris's own splendid and loving description, from pictures, from the tales of other pilgrims, that I felt I could not be disappointed; and I was not. It was not only just like what I had pictured it to be, but it had a delicate and natural grace of its own as well. The house was larger and more beautiful, the garden smaller and not less beautiful, than I had imagined. I had not thought it was so shy, so rustic a place. It is very difficult to get any clear view of the house. By the road are cottages, and a big building, half storehouse, half wheelwright's shop, to serve the homely needs of the farm. Through the open door one could see a bench with tools; and planks, staves, spokes, waggon-tilts, faggots, were all stacked in a pleasant confusion. Then came a walled kitchen-garden, with some big shrubs, bay and laurustinus, rising plumply within; beyond which the grey house, spread thin with plaster, held up its gables and chimneys over a stone-tiled roof. To the left, big barns and byres—a farm-man leading in a young bull with a pole at the nose-ring; beyond that, open fields, with a dyke and a flood-wall of earth, grown over with nettles, withered sedges in the watercourse, and elms in which the rooks were clamorously building. We met with the ready, simple Berkshire courtesy; we were referred to a gardener who was in charge. To speak with him, we walked round to the other side of the house, to an open space of grass, where the fowls picked merrily

and the old farm-lumber, broken coops, disused ploughs, lay comfortably about. 'How I love tidiness!' wrote Morris once. Yet I did not feel that he would have done other than love all this natural and simple litter of the busy farmstead.

Here the venerable house appeared more stately still. Through an open door in a wall we caught a sight of the old standards of an orchard, and borders with the spikes of spring-flowers pushing through the mould. The gardener was digging in the gravelly soil. He received us with a grave and kindly air; but when we asked if we could look into the house, he said, with a sturdy faithfulness, that his orders were that no one should see it, and continued his digging without heeding us further.

Somewhat abashed we retraced our steps; we got one glimpse of the fine indented front, with its shapely wings and projections. I should like to have seen the great parlour, and the tapestry-room with the story of Samson that bothered Rossetti so over his work. I should like to have seen the big oak bed, with its hangings embroidered with one of Morris's sweetest lyrics:

The wind's on the wold,  
And the night is a-cold.

I should like to have seen the tapestry-room, and the room where Morris, who so frankly relished the healthy savour of meat and drink, ate his joyful meals, and the peacock yew-tree that he found in his days of failing strength too hard a task to clip. I should like to have seen all this, I say; and yet I am not sure that tables and chairs, upholsteries and pictures, would not have come in between me and the sacred spirit of the place.

So I turned to the church. Plain and homely as its exterior is, inside it is touched with the true mediæval spirit, like the 'old febel chapel' of the 'Mort d'Arthur.' Its bare walls, its half-obliterated frescoes, its sturdy pillars, gave it an ancient, simple air. But I did not, to my grief, see the grave of Morris, though I saw in fancy the coffin brought from Lechlade in the bright farm-waggon, on that day of pitiless rain. For there was going on in the churchyard the only thing I saw that day that seemed to me to strike a false note: a silly posing of village girls, self-conscious and overdressed, before the camera of a photographer—a playing at æsthetics, bringing into the village life a touch of unwholesome vanity and the vulgar affectation of the world. That is the ugly shadow of fame; it makes conventional people curious

about the details of a great man's life and surroundings, without initiating them into any sympathy with his ideals and motives. The price that the real worshippers pay for their inspiration is the slaving idolatry of the unintelligent; and I withdrew in a mournful wonder from the place, wishing I could set an invisible fence round the scene, a fence which none should pass but the few who had the secret and the key in their hearts.

And here, for the pleasure of copying the sweet words, let me transcribe a few sentences from Morris's own description of the house itself:

A house that I love with a reasonable love, I think; for though my words may give you no idea of any special charm about it, yet I assure you that the charm is there; so much has the old house grown up out of the soil and the lives of those that lived on it: some thin thread of tradition, a half-anxious sense of the delight of meadow and acre and wood and river; a certain amount (not too much, let us hope) of common sense, a liking for making materials serve one's turn, and perhaps at bottom some little grain of sentiment—this, I think, was what went to the making of the old house.

And again:

My feet moved along the road they knew. The raised way led us into a little field, bounded by a backwater of the river on one side; on the right hand we could see a cluster of small houses and barns, and before us a grey stone barn and a wall partly overgrown with ivy, over which a few grey gables showed. The village road ended in the shallow of the backwater. We crossed the road, and my hand raised the latch of a door in the wall, and we stood presently on a stone path which led up to the old house. The garden between the wall and the house was redolent of the June flowers, and the roses were rolling over one another with that delicious superabundance of small well-tended gardens which at first sight takes away all thought save that of beauty. The blackbirds were singing their loudest, the doves were cooing on the roof-ridge, the rooks in the high elm-trees beyond were garrulous among the young leaves, and the swifts wheeled whirring about the gables. And the house itself was a fit guardian for all the beauty of this heart of summer.

O me! O me! How I love the earth, and the seasons, and weather, and all things that deal with it, and all that grows out of it—as this has done! The earth and the growth of it and the life of it! If I could but say or show how I love it!

The pure lyrical beauty of this passage makes one out of conceit with one's own clumsy sentences. But still, I will say how all that afternoon, among the quiet fields, with the white clouds rolling up over the lip of the wolds, I was haunted with the thought of that burly figure; the great head with its curly hair and beard; the eyes that seemed so guarded and unobservant, and that yet saw and noted every smallest detail; the big clumsy hands, apt for such delicacy of work; to see him in his rough blue suit, his

easy rolling gait, wandering about, stooping to look at the flowers in the beds, or glancing up at the sky, or sauntering off to fish in the stream, or writing swiftly in the parlour, or working at his loom ; so bluff, so kindly, so blunt in address, so unaffected, loving all that he saw, the tide of full-blooded and restless life running so vigorously in his veins ; or, further back, Rossetti, with his wide eyes, half-bright, half-languorous, pale, haunted with impossible dreams, pacing, rapt in feverish thought, through the lonely fields. The ghosts of heroes ! And whether it was that my own memories and affections and visions stirred my brain, or that some tide of the spirit still sets from the undiscovered shores to the scenes of life and love, I know not, but the place seemed thronged with unseen presences and viewless mysteries of hope. Doubtless, loving as we do the precise forms of earthly beauty, the wide green pastures, the tender grace of age on gable and wall, the springing of sweet flowers, the clear gush of the stream, we are really in love with some deeper and holier thing ; yet even about the symbols themselves there lingers a consecrating power ; and that influence was present with me to-day, as I went homewards in the westering light, with the shadows of house and tree lengthening across the grass in the still afternoon.

Heroes, I said ? Well, I will not here speak of Rossetti, though his impassioned heart and wayward dreams were made holy, I think, through suffering : he has purged his fault. But I cannot deny the name of hero to Morris. Let us put into words what was happening to him at the very time at which he had made this sweet place his home. He had already done as much in those early years as many men do in a lifetime. He had written great poems, he had loved and wedded, he had made abundant friends, his wealth was growing fast ; he loved every detail of his work, designing, weaving, dyeing ; he had a band of devoted workers and craftsmen under him. He could defy the world ; he cared nothing at all for society or honours. He had magnificent vitality, a physique which afforded him every kind of wholesome momentary enjoyment.

In the middle of all this happy activity a cloud came over his mind, blotting out the sunshine. Partly, perhaps, private sorrows had something to do with it ; partly, perhaps, a weakening of physical fibre, after a life of enormous productivity and restless energy, made itself felt. But these were only incidental causes. What began to weigh upon him was the thought of all the toiling

thousands of humanity, whose lives of labour precluded them from the enjoyment of all or nearly all of the beautiful things that were to him the very essence of life; and, what was worse still, he perceived that the very faculty of higher enjoyment was lacking, the instinct for beauty having been atrophied and almost eradicated by sad inheritance. He saw that not only did the workers not feel the joyful love of art and natural beauty, but that they could not have enjoyed such pleasures, even if they were to be brought near to them; and then came the further and darker thought, that modern art was, after all, a hollow and a soulless thing. He saw round him beautiful old houses like his own, old churches which spoke of a high natural instinct for fineness of form and detail. These things seemed to stand for a widespread and lively joy in simple beauty which seemed to have vanished out of the world. In ancient times it was natural to the old builders if they had, say, a barn to build, to make it strong and seemly and graceful; to buttress it with stone, to bestow care and thought upon coign and window-ledge and dripstone, to prop the roof on firm and shapely beams, and to cover it with honest stone tiles, each one of which had an individuality of its own. But now he saw that if people built naturally, they ran up flimsy walls of brick, tied them together with iron rods, and put a curved roof of galvanised iron on the top. It was bad enough that it should be built so, but what was worse still was that no one saw or heeded the difference; they thought the new style was more convenient, and the question of beauty never entered their minds at all. They remorselessly pulled down, or patched meanly and sordidly, the old work. And thus he began to feel that modern art was an essentially artificial thing, a luxury existing for a few leisurely people, and no longer based on a deep universal instinct. He thought that art was wounded to death by competition and hurry and vulgarity and materialism, and that it must die down altogether before a sweet natural product could arise from the stump.

Then, too, Morris was not an individualist; he cared, one may think, about things more than people. A friend of his once complained that, if he were to die, Morris would no doubt grieve for him and even miss him, but that it would make no gap in his life, nor interrupt his energy of work. He cared for movements, for classes, for groups of men, more than he cared for persons. And thus the idea came to him, in a mournful year of reflection, that it was not only a mistake, but of the nature of sin, to isolate himself



in a little Paradise of art of his own making, and to allow the great noisy, ugly, bewildered world to go on its way. It was a noble grief. The thought of the bare, uncheered, hopeless lives of the poor came to weigh on him like an obsession, and he began to turn over in his mind what he could do to unravel the knotted skein.

'I am rather in a discouraged mood,' he wrote on New Year's Day, 1880, 'and the whole thing seems almost too tangled to see through and too heavy to move.' And again :

I have of late been somewhat melancholy (rather too strong a word, but I don't know another); not so much so as not to enjoy life in a way, but just so much as a man of middle age who has met with rubs (though less than his share of them) may sometimes be allowed to be. When one is just so much subdued one is apt to turn more specially from thinking of one's own affairs to more worthy matters; and my mind is very full of the great change which I hope is slowly coming over the world.

And so he plunged into Socialism. He gave up his poetry and much of his congenial work. He attended meetings and committees; he wrote leaflets and pamphlets; he lavished money; he took to giving lectures and addresses; he exposed himself to misunderstandings and insults. He spoke in rain at street corners to indifferent loungers; he pushed a little cart about the squares selling Socialist literature; he had collisions with the police; he was summoned before magistrates: the 'poetic upholsterer,' as he was called, became an object of bewildered contempt to friends and foes alike. The work was not congenial to him, but he did it well, developing infinite tolerance and good-humour, and even tactfulness, in his relations with other men. The exposure to the weather, the strain, the neglect of his own physical needs, brought on, undoubtedly, the illness of which he eventually died; and worst of all was the growing shadow of discouragement, which made him gradually aware that the times were not ripe, and that even if the people could seize the power they desired, they could not use it. He became aware that the worker's idea of rising in the social scale was not the idea of gaining security, leisure, independence, and love of honest work, but the hope of migrating to the middle class, and becoming a capitalist on a small scale. That was the last thing that Morris desired. Most of all he felt the charge of inconsistency that was dinned into his ears. It was held ridiculous that a wealthy capitalist and a large employer of labour, living, if not in luxury, at least in considerable stateliness, should

profess Socialistic ideas without attempting to disencumber himself of his wealth. He wrote in answer to a loving remonstrance :—

You see, my dear, I can't help it. The ideas which have taken hold of me will not let me rest; nor can I see anything else worth thinking of. How can it be otherwise, when to me society, which to many seems an orderly arrangement for allowing decent people to get through their lives creditably and with some pleasure, seems mere cannibalism; nay, worse (for there ought to be hope in that), is grown so corrupt, so steeped in hypocrisy and lies, that one turns from one stratum of it to another with hopeless loathing. . . . Meantime, what a little ruffles me is this, that if I do a little fail in my duty some of my friends will praise me for failing instead of blaming me.

And then at last, after every sordid circumstance of intrigue and squabble and jealousy, one after another of the organisations he joined broke down. Half gratefully and half mournfully he disengaged himself, not because he did not believe in his principles, but because he saw that the difficulties were insuperable. He came back to the old life; he flung himself with renewed ardour into art and craftsmanship. He began to write the beautiful and romantic prose tales, with their enchanting titles, which are, perhaps, his most characteristic work. He learnt by slow degrees that a clean sweep of an evil system cannot be made in a period or a lifetime by an individual, however serious or strenuous he may be; he began to perceive that, if society is to put ideas in practice, the ideas must first be there, clearly defined and widely apprehended; and that it is useless to urge men to a life of which they have no conception and for which they have no desire. He had always held it to be a sacred duty for people to live, if possible, in whatever simplicity, among beautiful things; and it may be said that no one man in one generation has ever effected so much in this direction. He has, indeed, leavened and educated taste; he has destroyed a vile and hypocritical tradition of domestic art; by his writings he has opened a door for countless minds into a remote and fragrant region of unspoilt romance; and, more still than this, he remains an example of one who made a great and triumphant resignation of all that he held most dear, for the sake of doing what he thought to be right. He was not an ascetic, giving up what is half an incumbrance and half a terror; nor was he naturally a melancholy and detached person; but he gave up work which he loved passionately, and a life which he lived in a full-blooded, generous way, that he might try to share his blessings with others, out of a supreme pity for those less richly endowed than himself.

How, then, should not this corner of the world, which he loved

so dearly, speak to the spirit with a voice and an accent far louder and more urgent than its own tranquil habit of sunny peace and green-shaded sweetness! 'You know my faith,' wrote Morris from Kelmscott in a bewildered hour, 'and how I feel I have no sort of right to revenge myself for any of my private troubles on the kind earth; and here I feel her kindness very specially, and am bound not to meet it with a long face.' Noble and high-hearted words! for he of all men seemed made by nature to enjoy security and beauty and the joys of living, if ever man was so made. His very lack of personal sensitiveness, his unaptness to be moved by the pathetic appeal of the individual, might have been made a shield for his own peace; but he laid that shield down, and bared his breast to the sharp arrows; and in his noble madness to redress the wrongs of the world he was, perhaps, more like one of his great generous knights than he himself ever suspected.

This, then, I think is the reason why this place—a grey grange at the end of a country lane, among water meadows—has so ample a call for the spirit. A place of which Morris wrote, 'The scale of everything of the smallest, but so sweet, so unusual even; it was like the background of an innocent fairy-story.' Yes, it might have been that! Many of the simplest and quietest of lives had been lived there, no doubt, before Morris came that way. But with him came a realisation of its virtues, a perception that in its smallness and sweetness it yet held imprisoned, like the gem that sits on the smallest finger of a hand, an ocean of light and colour. The two things that lend strength to life are, in the first place, an appreciation of its quality, a perception of its intense and awful significance—the thought that we here hold in our hands, if we could but piece it all together, the elements and portions of a mighty, an overwhelming problem. The fragments of that mighty mystery are sorrow, sin, suffering, joy, hope, life, death. Things of their nature sharply opposed, and yet that are, doubtless, somehow and somewhere, united and composed and reconciled. It is at this sad point that many men and most artists stop short. They see what they love and desire; they emphasise this and rest upon it; and when the surge of suffering buffets them away, they drown, bewildered, struggling for breath, complaining.

But for the true man it is otherwise. He is penetrated with the desire that all should share his joy and be emboldened by it. It casts a cold shadow over the sunshine, it mars the scent of the roses, it wails across the cooing of the doves—the sense that others

suffer and toil unhelped ; and still more grievous to him is the thought that, were these duller natures set free from the galling yoke, their mirth would be evil and hideous, they would have no inkling of the sweeter and the purer joy. And then, if he be wise, he tries his hardest, in slow and wearied hours, to comfort, to interpret, to explain ; in much heaviness and dejection he labours, while all the time, though he knows it not, the sweet ripple of his thoughts spreads across the stagnant pool. He may be flouted, contemned, insulted, but he heeds it not ; while all the strands of the great mystery, dark and bright alike, work themselves, delicately and surely, into the picture of his life, and the picture of other lives as well. Larger and richer grows the great design, till it is set in some wide hall or corridor of the House of Life ; and the figure of the toil-worn knight, with armour dented and brow dimmed with dust and sweat, kneeling at the shrine, makes the very silence of the place beautiful ; while those that go to and fro rejoice, not in the suffering and weariness, not in the worn face and the thin, sun-browned hands, but in the thought that he loved all things well ; that his joy was pure and high, that his clear eyes pierced the dull mist that wreathed cold field and dripping wood, and that, when he sank, out-worn and languid after the day's long toil, the jocund trumpets broke out from the high-walled town in a triumphant concert, because he had done worthily, and should now see greater things than these.

*CATHERINE'S CHILD.*

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE.

Only if wakening to sad truth at last,  
 The bitterness to come, the sweetness past,  
 When thou art vexed, then turn again to see  
 Thou hast loved Hope—but Memory has loved thee.—HOOD.

## CHAPTER I.

PHILIPPA ADELSTANE was sixteen years old, and the heiress-presumptive of Welwysbere Abbey, in the county of Devon; of the great property appertaining thereto, and of a very considerable fortune besides.

She lived with her mother, Catherine, the widow of the late Sir Philip Adelstane, at Shepherd's Rest, a small farmhouse on the side of a steep wooded hill, which afforded views of a fair broad valley and of a wide expanse of agricultural country divided into chessboard squares of arable and pasture, and backed by a far-reaching chain of blue hills.

Below the cottage where Philippa dwelt could be discerned the turrets of the Abbey among the trees of the deer-park. The farms of her expected inheritance were scattered over the hillsides. In the valley itself, the low roofs of Welwysbere village bordered a single street, dominated at one end by the square brown tower of the village church, and at the other by Squire Chilcott's white house, which stood a little apart, surrounded by its own grounds and solid farm buildings.

Welwysbere, being entailed in the male line, was now the property of Sir Cecil Adelstane, who had succeeded his uncle, Sir Philip. But Sir Cecil had been married many years and was yet childless, so that the eventual succession of Philippa to her late father's estate appeared certain.

Sir Cecil had almost ceased to regret the non-arrival of his expected sons; he was fond of his young cousin, and proud of her good looks, which nearly resembled his own.

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1907, by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture, in the United States of America.

His family pride was further soothed by the reflection that it would not be the first time in the history of the Adelstanes that the Abbey had descended through a female, and that Philippa's son would be entitled to assume the name and arms of the family, as the son of her ancestress had done in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, nor were his descendants a penny the worse for the circumstance.

But if Philippa had inherited her fine features, straight profile, and haughty expression from her father, she no less resembled her grandmother, Lady Sarah Adelstane, in the brightness of her colouring, her tall, well-formed figure, and the ruddy tint of her splendid chestnut hair.

Old Lady Sarah recognised the reproduction of her former self with unfeigned pleasure, and when she learned that Philippa, in addition to her beauty, had also inherited her early wilfulness and headstrong temper, she was more amused than concerned. Lady Sarah had long since acquired philosophy, a possession which doubles in value with every year of advancing age.

She was no longer beautiful, but she insisted, with great spirit, upon rendering herself as picturesque as possible. Her height had dwindled, for the burden of years weighed down her shoulders in spite of the most gallant efforts she could make; but her blue eyes were still bright, her white wig was becomingly dressed, and her delicate wrinkled face was even shrewder and merrier now than in the days of her youth.

On Philippa's face the merriment was lacking. Though not so entirely devoid of humour as her cousin, Sir Cecil, she was yet too young to appreciate her grandmother's light-heartedness. The levity of Lady Sarah pained no less than it puzzled her.

Lady Sarah had passed her eighty-second birthday; thus, since she could no longer extort her friends' admiration for her youth, she liked to astonish them with her age, and by adding an imaginary decade was enabled to allude to herself as a nonagenarian with perfect cheerfulness.

She did not see her grandchild often. She lived in London, and spent her winters abroad; but as the little house in Curzon Street was too small to accommodate visitors, and as Philippa's mother seldom or never left home, their meetings were confined to the rare occasions when the old lady took it into her head to visit her grandson at Welwysbere.

These visits were infrequent, for though she was fond of Sir Cecil, she detested his wife, Augusta; and was convinced besides



that the damp of the West Country was detrimental to her constitution.

About the time of her granddaughter's sixteenth birthday, however, she invited herself to the Abbey for Whitsuntide, and Philippa made haste to acquaint her mother with the news that Lady Sarah was coming.

She entered the oak parlour of Shepherd's Rest breathless with the haste she had made in climbing the narrow high-banked, winding lane from the village to her home.

'Granny is coming to the Abbey, mother,' cried Philippa, 'and Cousin Augusta says that when they all go back to town after Whitsuntide she wants to take me with her. Oh, mother, I like Cousin Augusta better and better every moment, she is so deliciously kind to me. I had no idea she was such an angel. To be sure I was only a child when I saw her last—not fourteen—and she owns quite frankly that she never cared for children. But now I am grown up we are to be real friends. I think it's sweet of her to be friends with me, don't you?'

'My darling, how you have overheated yourself,' said Catherine.

Philippa flung her hat on to the sofa, and her gloves after it, and her mother picked them up as they fell on the floor.

'Bother!' said Philippa, 'and I thought you would be so excited to hear the news about Granny, mother. I almost ran all the way.'

'So I am, very much excited,' said her mother, placidly. 'But for all that I wish you would not run uphill in this warm weather. I am very glad Granny is coming, and we will go together to call upon her directly she arrives.'

'Yes, yes. But about my going to town, mamma? Don't begin by saying at once that I am not to go, as you always do —'

'You know I never accept such invitations for you, Phil.'

'Yes, but listen,' said her daughter, imploringly. 'It is quite different from Cousin Augusta's usual written invitations, which you used to say were *hollow* (though I am certain *now* they couldn't have been). She really *means* it, and Cousin Cecil wants me to go too; and, what is more, they are not only going to ask you themselves, but they are going to get Granny to speak to you about it.'

'Indeed,' said Catherine.

She was not readily displeased, but the colour rose in her soft face.

Philippa stood looking down upon her mother, tapping an

impatience upon the polished oaken floor of the little parlour.

Against the background of innumerable books which lined the room from floor to ceiling her handsome, fresh-coloured face and bright hair stood out with striking effect.

Catherine looked up from the writing-table, where she had been making up her farm accounts, at the dearly loved face, now deeply flushed with purest carmine; at the curved mouth, with its short upper lip and corners sulkily drooping; at the straight brows drawn into a frown above the black-lashed deep-blue eyes.

'After all, I'm sixteen,' said Philippa, rebelliously.

'At sixteen,' said Catherine, and she tried to laugh, 'London is, happily, not obligatory. You will not come out for another two years, you know.'

'But that's no reason why I should never go anywhere nor have any pleasure, no matter who asks me,' cried Philippa, with a sudden smothered sob. 'Cousin Augusta says I ought to go to town before I come out, and make friends with people of my own age, and Cousin Cecil thinks so too. You know he *never* says anything without thinking it over. And, after all, he's my nearest relation, and my guardian in a way.'

'No,' said Catherine, 'it is I that am your guardian, though I very gladly take counsel with your Cousin Cecil. Sit down, my darling, and let us talk it over quietly together. If you want to go to town so much, though it is a bad time of the year for me to get away—what with the hay and one thing and another—still, you come first, and I will see what can be done. But I have no idea of handing you over to Augusta. I will take you myself, darling. Only, I thought last time we went to London, Phil, that the trip was not a success. You said you never wished to go again.'

'Of course it wasn't a success,' said Philippa. 'Why, you know I hated it. You hated it yourself, mother. It would be just like it was before if *you* took me. A horrid hotel, and at the last moment Aunt Dulcinea would insist on coming with us; and there we should be, like regular country cousins, all of us bewildered and not knowing where to go or what to do, and everything hateful. I would rather stop at home if we are to go like that.'

'It would not be like that again,' said Catherine; but her mind misgave her faintly. 'You are older now, and we could go to concerts and theatres and picture-galleries, and—and—I daresay Aunt Dulcinea wouldn't want to come.'

'You know she *would*,' said Philippa. 'And you'd say it was unkind not to take her. Of course we can't hurt her feelings—and theatres and concerts are all very well in their way —'

'I should think so,' said Catherine. 'Why, when I was your age —'

'Oh, mother, *don't*,' said Philippa, despairingly. 'I know so exactly what you're going to say. How a travelling circus or a fair seemed the wildest excitement to you when you lived with your cross old aunt in Calais; and how you were quite contented to go down to the pier every day with Sophy, and see the steamer come in; and how grateful you were to my father when he bought you a sixpenny fairing. You have told me a thousand times.'

'It is quite true. I have told you very often,' Catherine acknowledged; but she felt a little pang, nevertheless, as she heard the sacred recollections of her girlhood thus ruthlessly epitomised. 'It did not take very much to content me in those days.'

'Well, I am not a bit like you, and it wouldn't have contented me,' said Philippa.

'I don't know what would content you, Phil, you are so restless.'

'It would content me to go to London with Cousin Augusta.'

'And leave me——?' There was a sound of pain in Catherine's low voice.

'Of course, if you put it like that,' cried Philippa, angrily, 'it takes away all the pleasure. But either way it will be horrid, I suppose; everything always is. If you don't come, you will think me cruel and heartless to go without you, though I don't feel a bit like that,' and she shed tears, even whilst resisting with impatience her mother's attempted caress. 'And if you come, why, I know you will hate it, and have nothing to do, and only be longing to get back to the farm and the dairy, and feeling sure everything is going to rack and ruin without you, as of course it will.'

'I always meant to take a house in London when you were eighteen,' said Catherine, meekly.

'What would be the good of that? You don't know anybody in London,' sobbed Philippa.

'But Lady Sarah does. She would take care you had all the proper invitations. And I could go everywhere with you, as your mother should.'

'Not nowadays,' said Philippa. 'It's a most old-fashioned idea, mother. And it's all very well; but, as Cousin Augusta says, Granny

can't go on for ever ; her friends are as old as the hills ; even if she would be bothered to think about me, which I am sure she wouldn't. And when Cousin Augusta is so kind, and when you know how much I love her——'

'Your love is only two days old,' said Catherine, smiling.

'It's just as real as though I had known her for years. More real, for I haven't had time to get tired of her,' said Philippa, innocently. 'Oh, mother, I do think it's very hard I'm to be cooped up in this horrid, dull old farmhouse for two whole years more. You know yourself everyone wonders why we live here at all.'

Catherine was silent ; her gentle eyes regarded her daughter wistfully. But whilst Philippa was in this mood she could not remind her why she held the little house sacred. She said to herself, besides, that the child had some reason on her side. Catherine was aware that the family in general criticised her home, and found it a most unsuitable residence for the young heiress of Welwysbere.

'It won't be so dull for you this Whitsuntide, my darling, since Augusta has come home, and especially since you have taken this sudden liking for her.'

'But she will be gone back to town in a few days. And she said herself that they would be a very dull party—all elderly people—only Granny, and the Ralts, and old Lord John ——'

'Your Cousin Cecil said they would certainly spend this summer down here, after their long absence from Devonshire.'

'But Cousin Augusta hasn't said so,' said Philippa, shrewdly.

'Anyway, David Moore will be at Bridescombe,' said poor Catherine, searching for further consolation. 'You were so anxious to see him when we read about him in the newspapers during the war.'

'Of course I want to see him,' said Philippa, dolefully. 'Anyone would like to see a hero like that. But I should see him in London just as well if he's going to be at the War Office. Besides, after all, he's Hector and Lily Chilcott's uncle, not mine.'

Catherine glanced at her beautiful daughter, and smiled tenderly to herself. What a child—what a baby she was yet, though she looked so tall and womanly !

'I am looking forward to seeing David again very much. The brother of my dearest friend. As a youth he used to be something like poor Delia, quick and bright and decided as she was. My

heart aches for him, coming home to find only her grave—and the children.'

'But, mother—she died such years ago ——'

'It does not seem so very long ago to me.'

'It's all very well for you and Cousin George. I suppose he will be glad to see his poor wife's brother. But I do not see how his coming can make any difference to me. He will only be just another old person, like Cousin George or Cousin Cecil.'

'He is younger than George or Cecil; they are over forty, like Augusta.'

'She doesn't look nearly so old as they do,' said Augusta's faithful worshipper.

'David cannot be more than six-and-thirty—still a young man.'

'Mother, how can you! Why, he's older than *you*. And if he will be a companion for you and Cousin George, it ought surely to make it all the easier for you to let me go to London with Cousin Augusta, and have a little pleasure in life whilst I'm still young enough to enjoy it, instead of bottling me up here for ever and ever with no one to speak to and nothing to do.'

'I wish Augusta had not come down here at all to unsettle you like this.'

'Mother, I won't have you blaming her,' said Philippa, with flashing eyes. 'You know very well I've been unsettled for ever so long, and wishing I could go anywhere or do anything fresh and different.'

Catherine could not deny the truth of this statement.

'I wish you would not cry, my darling. It will distress your Aunt Dulcinea so terribly when she comes in.'

'Bother Aunt Dulcinea! You think of everyone's feelings but mine,' said Philippa, woefully.

Catherine could not help smiling.

'Don't be a goose, Phil. Come upstairs, and let me bathe your eyes and straighten this ruffled mass of hair, and we will try to come to a better understanding over this matter.'

Philippa suffered her mother to take her arm and lead her upstairs. She had no maid of her own—another family grievance—and she was accustomed to be tended almost like an infant by those unwearied hands. But though submissive, she was pertinacious, and did not allow any postponement or evasion of her demand.

'I'm sure I'm very reasonable, mother. I only want you not

to decide against my going until you have heard what Cousin Cecil has to say,' she said; and it was hard for Catherine to resist her child's entreaty when those fresh lips were pressed against her cheek and when the beloved voice took a coaxing accent.

'There are your lessons, you know, my darling.'

'Am I never to have a holiday?' cried Philippa, tragically.

'Your life is one long holiday, I think.'

'It may seem so to you, but it doesn't to me, what with French reading and horrid old Molière, and dull old biographies and things,' said Philippa resentfully.

'Do you want to learn nothing more—at sixteen?'

'I know quite as much as most people. Cousin Augusta can't even spell, and yet I am sure she is fashionable and delightful, and nobody cares. Oh, mother, forget to preach for once, and say you will let me just pay this one visit.'

'I will see about it,' said Catherine, in the relenting tone that was generally the prelude to giving way, as Philippa well knew.

'You promise?'

'I promise anyway,' said her mother, 'to consult your grandmother before I decide finally one way or the other.'

Catherine had been a widow for so many years that her grief for her husband had become only the shadow and remembrance of sorrow.

She had been very young, hardly nineteen, when Sir Philip died and his posthumous child was born. From that time onwards she had made her home in this cottage on the hillside, to which she had taken a romantic fancy shortly before his death, and which he had bought and given to her for her own.

Her girlhood had been passed in almost entire seclusion, and her brief experience of marriage, though it had widened her outlook and completed the sole romance of her life, had not yet inspired her with any great courage or desire to face again the world from which she had timidly sought refuge at Shepherd's Rest.

From her latticed windows she beheld the turrets of the great house where for so short a space of time she had nominally reigned as mistress—an inexperienced girl, bewildered with her own happiness and frightened at her unexpected elevation.

But if the mighty pile of ancient buildings recalled her past importance, the square tower of the old church in the valley below no less solemnly and silently reminded her of the vanity of all



earthly greatness, for in its shadow stood the broken column which marked Sir Philip Adelstane's grave.

Catherine had never found her life at Shepherd's Rest dull. Independence has its own charm, and she enjoyed the sensation of real ownership for the first time when she looked around her tiny domain.

She planned anew her garden, which shone in the heart of the woods like a coloured jewel in a dark setting. She lined her low oak parlour with shelves from floor to ceiling, and filled those shelves with books; for of reading Catherine had never had, and perhaps never would have, enough. Thus, though her outer existence appeared prosaic, her inner life was filled with colour and fancy.

She interested herself besides so deeply in her farm and dairy, that she presently grew practical, and after buying her experience somewhat dearly, found that in Devonshire, at least, it is possible to make farming pay.

She reclaimed rough land, planted orchards, studied forestry, learnt something about cattle, and brewed excellent cider; keeping all within and without her snug home in such a state of order, neatness, and beauty that no one could behold it and not be cheered by its aspect.

An energetic and faithful Somersetshire woman, one Charlotte Roper, aided her mistress within doors, and without an aged local wiseacre toiled, aided by a burly labourer and by Charlotte Roper's son Johnny, who took charge of Philippa's pony, ran errands, and worked in the garden under his lady's personal supervision.

It pleased Catherine to know that her income was rolling itself up into a fortune for Philippa which would make her independent, even if the long-expected and now improbable son were born to Sir Cecil Adelstane; it pleased her yet more to be able to give liberal assistance to her poorer neighbours in time of need, and to be justified in affording a domicile to her old aunt, Miss Dulcinea Chilcott, whose last days she thus rendered happy and peaceful, and whose presence had lent protection to her niece's youth and loneliness.

Miss Dulcinea, in spite of her advancing age, was rarely to be found at home. She had lifelong friends in the neighbourhood and in the adjacent town of Ilverton; she knew every man, woman, and child in the village of Welwysbere, visited every cottage within reach, and read the Bible to the inmates whether they liked it or not. Most of them liked it, and all of them liked her, for they had

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known her from childhood, and her friendship was tried and trusted. The villagers believed in her wisdom implicitly, and few of them cared to take the doctor's medicine until it had been handed to Miss Dulcinea for approval.

A dark disbelief in their physician, together with constant recourse to his aid in the most trifling ailments, was prevalent in Welwysbere.

As men who were in good health could not, or would not, leave their work, it was generally the patient himself who rose from the bed of suffering and walked to Ilverton and back—seven miles—to visit the doctor and obtain remedies from the dispensary.

If the illness were complicated, and the invalid in pain or unusually feverish, he would perhaps treat himself to a return ticket for Exeter; since, the further away the physician lived, the more efficacious his aid was considered likely to be.

The excitement of the journey usually cheered the sufferer, as the subsequent history of the interview with his medical adviser cheered his family and neighbours, for whose benefit it would be many times recounted in detail.

Miss Dulcinea was too simple to quarrel with these methods, and there was some truth in her excuses to Catherine.

'You laugh at them, darling, but, after all, they do just what their betters do, only in a humbler way. They can't afford to go further than the next village or town, but we send our invalids travelling about to look for health in far countries, to visit chilly hotels with doubtful drains and strange doctors, when they would get well or die far more comfortably in their own homes, with their own doctors to attend them and their own people round them. I don't see that the Welwysbere folk are so very unlike us in their methods.'

But Catherine's laughter was very gentle, and expressed no contempt for Miss Dulcinea's simplicity. She felt that she had, herself, no vocation to set the village to rights, and contented herself with her garden, her household, her farm, and the upbringing of Philippa.

For above and beyond all other cares and interests, or the occupations she so happily found for herself, stood Catherine's idol, her only child.

She guarded Philippa's infancy and childhood with jealous care, permitting no hands but her own to tend the little maid; nursing her, teaching her, and playing with her, and sleeping nightly by the side of the cot which contained her treasure.

Philippa, as was natural, rewarded this exclusive devotion by a tyranny that was absolute in her babyhood, and only modified outwardly as she became older. She grew up exceedingly unlike the daughter of Catherine's dreams.

Her mother dwelt sometimes with astonishment upon her recollections of herself at sixteen. She recalled a quiet, rather timid maiden, grateful for the smallest notice, interested in the smallest happenings, curled up for hours of breathless absorption in every volume that came her way; learning poems by heart for love; sewing endless seams with patient neatness; assisting in the *ménage*; and writing business letters in a copper-plate hand at her aunt's dictation.

Perhaps she recalled less clearly the fact that she would hardly have become so proficient in such duties had she not been actually compelled by the exigency of circumstances.

The youthful Catherine might have preferred, like the youthful Philippa, to throw her needlework on to the floor, and escape out of doors at her own sweet will, had she been free to follow her inclinations; but old Miss Carey, of Calais, Catherine's aunt, having been a strict disciplinarian, her niece had dared try no such experiment.

Philippa never sat curled up on the window-seat as Catherine had pictured her, nestling to her mother's side and devouring the story-books which had been chosen for her and ranged on a special shelf within her reach before she was four years old.

She never opened a book if she could help it, did not like to be read to, and wept as copiously over her lessons as though a stern taskmaster were set over her, instead of the gentlest teacher in the world.

Far from rejoicing when an elegant inlaid workbox was presented to her, she viewed it with indifference, lost the thimble, used the embroidery stiletto as a gimlet, and broke the points of the scissors digging in the garden.

She took more interest in the farm, lavishing personal affection upon the stock, and including indiscriminately in her friendship the pony, the pigs, the cows, and the aged labourer who superintended their welfare. But she could not be trusted to be of the smallest use in any department of the homely establishment.

She would offer to help in the dairy, upset the cream, or leave off churning just as the butter was coming, and rush away to do something else; she would solemnly undertake to feed the chickens,

and forget all about them ; she would tear her frocks, and walk about ragged and unconcerned ; she ate green apples and climbed trees in spite of all entreaties to the contrary, and was triumphant because none of the evil consequences predicted happened to result.

Whenever she could she escaped to Bridescombe, to the society of her cousins, the children of the widowed squire, George Chilcott ; but, truth to tell, they were not much more inclined to welcome her than her mother was to let her go. Nor did she derive much benefit from their society ; since Hector, though bigger and stronger than she was, could not fight a girl, however unreasonable and provoking she might be ; while little Lily, though willing to admire, was led into innumerable scrapes through her senior's readiness to defy lawful authority.

Miss Dulcinea found a thousand excuses for all Philippa's misdemeanours, and, though Catherine were ever so determined that her daughter should not be spoilt, the presence of a constant champion in the background rendered discipline of any kind almost impossible. Philippa was perfectly aware of her grand-aunt's sympathy, and the knowledge nullified all her mother's attempts to maintain her own supremacy. Naturally imperious, she grew daily more inclined to assert herself. She had shown a generous and affectionate disposition as a little child, but these qualities became obscured as she advanced towards womanhood ; and though she displayed an occasional careless fondness for the gentle, foolish old relative who was blind to her failings and flattered her vanity, she did not, it must be confessed, sacrifice a single inclination of her own to any care for Miss Dulcinea's wishes and comfort, but, on the contrary, escaped from her society whenever it was possible to do so.

Imperceptibly her mother's influence waned with every succeeding year, and Catherine found herself gradually assuming the false position of a seeming tyrant to the being she loved above all others in the world. But such situations develop by very slow degrees, and she was herself unaware of the cause until it was too late to amend the effects. Though they lived under the same roof and slept side by side, and were together almost every hour of the day, Catherine could not help feeling sometimes that her daughter was in many ways becoming as a stranger to her. Often she thought, with that loving bitterness which only mothers know, ' I shall only have her a few years longer ; she might have waited—she might have waited—until she was quite grown up.'

Meanwhile, as Philippa lost her tomboy proclivities and acquired

no love for rational occupation to take their place, the young lady found time hang heavily upon her hands and grew daily more restless. Perhaps the knowledge of her own importance as the last representative of the Adelstane family had something to do with her discontent. Her mother had endeavoured with all her might to keep Philippa unspotted from the world, isolating her in their country cottage, and bringing her up simply and humbly; but it is a fact that worldliness is not confined to cities, and in this obscure corner of the West there were plenty of flatterers ready to pay court to the little heiress of Welwysbere, and to comment upon the position that should have been hers as her father's daughter.

Philippa desired she knew not what; but certainly a change from the quiet sameness of her everyday life on the farm. Perhaps to shine, to be admired, to have her importance recognised in a wider sphere. The natural restlessness of girlhood was doubled by the circumstances in which she found herself. She was not clever, but neither was she in any sense a dull child; and she did not show herself to others the baby her mother thought her, but, on the contrary, evinced a certain shrewdness and dignity; so that her Cousin Cecil believed her to be eminently suited by nature for the position awaiting her. Philippa's displays of idleness, imperiousness, and want of consideration for others were, it must be confessed, reserved chiefly for her home, and the girl was still young enough to mistake wilfulness and lack of self-control for strength of character. Thus, after the almost unclouded happiness of Philippa's early childhood, Catherine's existence had become a little troubled during these later days, and she vaguely perceived that the time was approaching when a change must be made in the existing order of things. When Philippa, therefore, broke in upon her mother's tranquil daily occupations with her impetuous demand, the expression of her child's wishes coincided, in a manner, with Catherine's own vague determination.

'I shall like a change as little in two years' time as now,' she thought with a sigh. 'Perhaps I am growing selfish and too much absorbed in one narrow groove. I know they all think so, and what everybody thinks is apt to be true. After all, when I chose this 'little life,' I did not know that Cecil would have no children—that Philippa might be called upon one day to occupy his place. Perhaps I am really less suited to take her to town than Augusta. And the child does not really want me.' This reflection caused Catherine a sharp pang, though she tried to smile over it, and

repeated to herself more than once that under the circumstances this was only natural.

'It is quite true what Philippa says, I know nobody in London, and should be a fish out of water. As soon as Lady Sarah comes I will ask her advice. She is very wise, and knows what Philip would have wished for his child: I will be guided by her.'

Catherine was, perhaps, slightly consoled by the reflection that Lady Sarah's decision would not be influenced by any undue prejudice in favour of Augusta.

## CHAPTER II.

THE open space before the entrance of Welwysbere Abbey was surrounded by clumps of tree azaleas, dipping clouds of faintest coral and palest gold blossom into the feathery flowering grasses which rose knee-deep around them, half hiding the thickets of rhododendrons, now crowned with purple and crimson bloom. Beyond lay the rolling slopes of the deer-park and the steep green hillocks and valleys, relieved by all the colours of spring—from the gay rose-red and snowy white of the sturdy gnarled hawthorns, to the giant blush and ivory nosegays of the spreading horse-chestnuts.

But though a group of persons stood upon the lower steps of the front door, shading their eyes from the dazzling rays of the western sun, their gaze was not directed towards the landscape, but bent upon a dingy object which occupied the centre of the drive—a mud-spattered automobile, dropping oil upon the gravel, and emitting an odour which overpowered the delicate perfumes of the spring.

The owner of the machine, a red-faced sporting-looking gentleman, was stooping over his property with an air of almost passionate concern.

'I thought she would have broken her little back coming up that last hill,' he said, looking up reproachfully at his host.

'It is very steep, but the horses make nothing of it,' said Sir Cecil, rather resentfully; 'I never had a horse who didn't face it all right.'

'So did she face it,' said Mr. Ralt, defending his treasure with emotion. 'She faced it bravely, too, or we shouldn't be here now.'

'I could not have believed she would bear the strain,' said his wife, shaking her head.



'D'ye think she's all right, Hopkins?' demanded Mr. Ralt, with renewed anxiety.

'Seems so, sir,' said the chauffeur reluctantly, 'but it was taking it out of her something crool. She ain't built for this 'ere country. It's asking too much of her, that's what it is.'

'I ought to have brought the Daimler,' said Mr. Ralt, sadly. 'You said so, Blanche, at the time. However'—he cheered up slightly—'I can send for her to-morrow, and so I will.'

'Shall we go and find Augusta and have some tea, Blanche?' said Sir Cecil, stiffly. He ignored his brother-in-law and addressed himself to Mrs. Ralt, who prepared to follow him, after a last anxious and sympathetic glance at the motor.

'I daresay you think we're rather foolish about her,' she said, with a sentimental intonation that contrasted oddly with her lean, sensible face and shrewd eyes; 'but she's such a little dear, carried us thousands of miles.'

'I suppose you've given up horses altogether,' said Sir Cecil, in his even, formal tones, as he led the way under the cool dark arches of the oak-panelled hall to the garden door.

'Well, except for huntin', and we did precious little huntin' this winter. The fact is it's simply fascinatin' to go explorin' Europe, which is what we did instead of stoppin' up at Ralte through the winter as usual. You don't mean to say you and Augusta are still contented to go joggin' along in the family coach, and all the good old ways?'

'I believe I am old-fashioned, and I am happy to say Augusta continues to prefer the good old ways.'

'You don't say so! Hullo! tea on the lawn! Come, that's an innovation. Augusta used to hate tea out of doors.'

'She is doing the fresh-air cure.'

'I'm sure I'm glad to hear it. It was time she did a cure of some kind,' said Mrs. Ralt cheerfully. 'I live in a thorough draught myself now, and look at me.'

Sir Cecil looked, but his sister-in-law was too much engrossed in her observation of the assembly of persons which now became visible at the far end of the lawn, to notice the dissatisfied expression upon his handsome face.

'I thought Augusta said there wasn't to be a party. Who in the world are all those people under the cedar if there isn't a party?' she cried.

'There is no party. My grandmother is staying here, and in

consequence of her advanced age we thought it better to be quiet. There is only Lady Grace Trumoin, and Lord John Trelleck, whom you know.' Mrs. Ralt emitted an expressive grunt. 'The others are our neighbours, George Chilcott and his sister—you remember them?—and his poor wife's brother, Colonel Moore, who has just returned to England.'

'David Moore? I know him, too. Met him in South Africa. Splendid chap,' said Mrs. Ralt heartily.

'You know everyone, Blanche.'

'I go about the world, keep my eyes open, and pick up friends all over the place,' said Mrs. Ralt, who had equipped a field hospital at her own expense during the South African war, and quarrelled with the authorities over every detail of its organisation. 'Bless me, you don't mean to say that tall girl is little Philippa!'

'She is only sixteen,' said Sir Cecil, with something of fatherly pride in his tone. 'But she is a very fine girl indeed—strangers would take her for nineteen or twenty.'

Here Lady Adelstane perceived the advent of her husband and sister, and came across the lawn to meet them as quickly as dignity and *embonpoint* combined would permit.

The twin sisters presented a remarkable contrast: Blanche, tall and somewhat scraggy in figure, with a tanned and weather-beaten appearance, which the rigidity of her motor-coat and peaked cap did nothing to soften or disguise; while Augusta preserved a certain youthfulness of contour in spite of her forty years. Her dress was eminently becoming; her soft throat and dimpled chin rose from cobweb folds of lace and muslin, and her face, cherubic in its roundness, was shaded by the latest Paris creation in garden hats.

As the sisters embraced, their respective husbands could not but observe their striking dissimilarity.

'Poor Blanche!' reflected Sir Cecil; 'she is certainly plainer and more ungainly than ever, and her voice becomes louder every year.'

He was thankful that Providence had directed his choice to the younger of the twin heiresses of the late Lord Mocha.

'Poor Augusta!' thought Mr. Ralt, who had hurried after his wife, having lingered but to express his feelings regarding the configuration of the country, more freely than politeness permitted in the presence of his host and brother-in-law. 'I declare she has put on another couple of stone at least since we last came down.'

And here is Blanche more active than ever, able to nip out and push the little car uphill with the best of us.'

'Darling,' said Augusta, whose affection always increased, though but temporarily, when she had not seen her sister for a long time, 'how glad I am you've come! It is actually three years since you were here.'

'How time flies, Gussie; so it is. But you haven't been down here for ages yourself, have you? Which accounts for your not inviting *me*, I suppose,' said Blanche in high good humour.

'The doctors wouldn't hear of my coming last year. They said I *must* be braced or they wouldn't answer for the consequences,' said Augusta plaintively. 'I don't know how it is, but I always get so run down at Welwysbere.'

Sir Cecil coughed uneasily.

'We are practically alone,' said Augusta, hurriedly changing the conversation and leading the way to the tea-table. 'I hope you won't be bored to death.'

'If I am,' said the outspoken Blanche, 'I can easily nip off with Bob to Ilfracombe or Land's End for a jaunt and a breath of sea air, and put ourselves into a good humour. You've no idea what a resource we've found motoring. But I'm not particularly likely to be bored with David Moore about. He's a great pal of mine. I held his leg at Bloemfontein whilst the surgeon sewed it up.'

'Really, Blanche—'

But Mrs. Ralt's manly stride had already carried her in advance of her sister and hostess to the cedar tree, and by the time Augusta arrived, breathless, in her wake, Blanche had shaken hands with the whole party there assembled and uttered her hearty greetings in her most penetrating tones.

'Well, Colonel Moore, this is luck indeed! I had no idea I was to meet you here. So you're to be at the War Office. Hope we shall see something of you, though town's not much in my line; but you can run up and stay with us, eh? How are you, Grace? You look flourishing. Philippa, you were a kid in short frocks when I saw you last. De do, Lord John, de do, Miss Chilcott.' This last salutation was a very cool one; but George Chilcott she greeted warmly:

'How are the Shire horses? Must come over to your place again, if you will let me. I got no end of wrinkles for Ralte last time I was there. You never came North as you promised.'

'I never go anywhere,' said George Chilcott, smiling.

'Oh, George!' said his sister in deprecating tones.

Miss Clara Chilcott was seven-and-forty, but so strong is the force of habit that her family still regarded her as a girl.

She wore a shirt and skirt, big boots, and a mushroom hat trimmed with daisies and buttercups. Though she resembled her brother George not a little, being large and heavy in build, and of a healthy, ruddy complexion, yet her meaningless light orbs lacked the kindness that shone from his steady blue eyes; and nothing could have been more unlike the expression of his firmly closed lips beneath his yellow moustache than Miss Clara's open mouth, and lower jaw perpetually dropped in surprise or disapproval.

'I call this such a stupid time of the year in the country,' said Augusta to Mr. Ralt, with whom she found it difficult to converse, though she always made a point of addressing at least one remark to him at the beginning of his visit and another at the end. 'No fruit or vegetables; the peas and strawberries actually only in flower, though we have been eating them for months in town; but London and Paris are the only places where one can get fruit and vegetables all the year round.'

'With your range of glass your gardeners ought to supply you with plenty of forced strawberries—ours do,' said Miss Chilcott, shocked. 'But I suppose through your being so much away they get slack.'

'I never think forced strawberries have any flavour,' said Augusta blandly.

Miss Clara was proceeding to enumerate the names of the best kinds of strawberries for forcing when Mr. Ralt interrupted.

'You're like me, only different,' he said, with lucid elegance. 'You like London all the year round, and I like the country all the year round. Chopping and changing is what I hate. But I suppose you'll go back for the rest of the season?'

'Cecil insisted on coming here for Whitsuntide,' said Augusta, 'though I never think it worth while to come so far for so short a time. You could have come to us on the river, you know. My house there is really getting nicer every year. I'm making a wall and water garden which is a perfect dream. I am sure you and Blanche would have liked it better than this in many ways.'

'Augusta, how *can* you,' said Lady Grace's calm tones, 'without wishing to insult your charming bungalow——' She glanced

expressively towards the mellow creeper-clad walls of the stately Abbey, with its rows of mullioned windows blazing in the afternoon sunshine; at the broad terraces whereon great stone urns on pedestals held aloft scarlet and rose geraniums, and weather-stained statues guarded flights of moss-grown stone steps. The lawns were acres of velvet turf, centuries old, and shaded with mighty cedars, spreading oaks, and groups of tall elms sacred to ancient rookeries; there were silent pools bearing rare lilies on their dark breasts, deeply shadowed by the tall yew hedges that walled them in; there were stiff out-of-date ribbon and heart-shaped borders, bright with variegated foliage in patterns, planted out for a brief summer season after the fashion beloved of former generations, and which Sir Cecil had no idea of changing to accord with a modern taste he knew little and cared nothing about.

To him old customs were sacred; and Augusta, who had her own way in so many things, dared not interfere with the head gardener at the Abbey, who had lived at Welwysbere and had charge of the pleasure-grounds before Sir Cecil was born.

Old Lady Sarah's pet parterre had been handed over to Augusta's tender mercies, because it was the custom from time immemorial for the lady of the house to exercise her whims upon this enclosure; and here Lady Adelstane was able to indulge the modern craze for catalogue gardening as cheerfully as she chose. Here she spent an occasional half-hour happily enough with a bulb list and a pencil, giving orders for the cutting down and rooting up of old-established and well-grown favourites, to make room for wonderful new combinations of colour and effect; though it was very improbable, since she never visited Welwysbere in the early spring, that she would behold the result of her plannings.

'I have heard your bungalow is too charming,' said Lord John, 'and such a convenient distance for week-ends.'

'Grace always jeers at my Cockney villa,' said Augusta good-humouredly. 'I shall ask her no more; you shall come in her stead.'

'I shall be delighted.'

'Ask me here instead, Gussie,' said Lady Grace, shrugging her shoulders very slightly, and reflecting how the good things of this life were wasted upon people who lacked taste to enjoy them.

She lay back in her easy chair and closed her eyes for a moment, as though the low rays of the sun were dazzling her. Perhaps she knew that a background of scarlet cushions was becoming to her

white delicate-featured face and the long, graceful outlines of her rather thin but still pretty figure.

When she opened her eyes it was to perceive that George Chilcott was regarding her with an interest and kindness to which she was not insensible. He had been a favourite partner long ago when he was a young Guardsman and she a *débutante*. She had then thought him somewhat of a simpleton, and she observed that his simplicity had not diminished now that he had broadened into a typical forty-year-old country squire; but the honesty and friendliness of his regard were the same. She exerted herself to enter into conversation with George, and their talk was full of the inquiries after old friends and the reminders of pleasant days gone by incidental to past intimacy.

'She wears well, though she must be forty, by gad!' thought Lord John, adding half a dozen years to the poor lady's age with the unfeeling calm of a man who has grown tired of meeting an acquaintance too often in unchanging circumstances. 'I wonder why she never married. She was an uncommonly handsome girl once.'

He too had enjoyed dancing and flirting with Lady Grace when she first came out, some sixteen seasons ago, and had even regretted for a time that her lack of a fortune rendered it impossible for him to fall in love with her seriously and marry her.

But Lord John, who had grown bald and stout and grey in the interval, and was, indeed, nearly twenty years her senior, now looked upon this slender, graceful woman as completely *passée*, and thought of her, when he thought of her at all, with good-natured pity, as one of London's failures.

'Oh, must you go, Mr. Chilcott?' said Augusta.

'Surely you won't take Colonel Moore away the moment I arrive?' shouted Mrs. Ralt.

'We've been here for hours already,' said George Chilcott good-humouredly, 'and though David's an idle man for the moment, I'm not, you know. Come, Clara.'

Miss Chilcott showed signs of a willingness to linger, but her hostess shook her hand with so much alacrity that she was obliged to follow the Squire's decided lead.

'You must come over and see Lily soon, Philippa. You've not been to Bridescombe for ages, and she will want to see you in your first long frocks,' said Miss Chilcott with patronising affability to Philippa, whose fair brow grew scarlet with the agonised



resentment peculiar to self-conscious youth under the notice thus drawn to her extremely recent promotion from childhood.

Lord John Trelleck examined the girl closely from under the brim of his straw hat, and observed that she looked extraordinarily handsome as she stood before her ponderous middle-aged relative, her straight brows drawn together in a frown over her blue long-lashed eyes, and her brilliant colouring enhanced by the angry flush.

'Got a temper, too,' he said to himself, with lazy amusement; and he tried presently to talk to the little heiress of Welwysbere, and to draw her out of her half-shy, half-sullen attitude of watchful silence and embarrassment.

But he did not succeed very well, for at this period of Philippa's existence men who happened to be possessed of bald heads, or wrinkles, or grey beards, did not count; they were merely part of the furniture of life, so to speak, and it could not matter particularly to anyone, and certainly not to her, what they said, thought, or did; so that she answered Lord John quite at random and took no interest at all in his skilfully chosen remarks.

It was nothing to Philippa that he was a member of the Yacht Squadron, a friend of Royalty, and altogether one of the most fashionable men in London. Her attention was fixed upon Augusta, and she grudged that it should be distracted even for a moment from the object of her childish admiration. She had not seen Augusta for three years—a long period in a young life: but a happy compliment at meeting had aroused her enthusiastic gratitude: it was delightful, at sixteen, to be hailed as grown up, and assured to her face that she was attractive and beautiful to behold.

Philippa had arrived at a time of life when most maidens, whether romantically or otherwise inclined, form attachments, sometimes for the strangest and most unlikely objects. She conceived a sudden devotion for her cousin; admired her extravagant gowns, raved about her dimples, and even imitated, for a time, and to her mother's horror, the peculiar thick gabble in which Augusta spoke.

Catherine, reflecting upon the list of Philippa's past idols (which included the lad who blew the bellows for the church organ, the village schoolmistress, and the miller's baby), decided that this new enthusiasm pleased her the least of all. She tried, however, to hide the natural mortification which must be felt by a parent who sees her child admiring, and prepared to imitate, a model felt

to be unworthy, and consoled herself as best she might with the remembrance of her daughter's fickleness.

Nothing, however, had as yet occurred to disillusion Philippa ; and thus she was so happily engaged in looking at and listening to Augusta that she could not spare any attention at all for Lord John, though she permitted herself an occasional glance towards the tall bronzed soldier who was talking to Mrs. Ralt.

So this was Colonel Moore, the hero of Hector and Lily's dreams ; the brother of their poor, beautiful young mother, who had died ten years ago, when Lily was born.

Philippa could not, after all, place him upon the retired list of old fogies, to whom poor Lord John so obviously, in her eyes, belonged.

David Moore was too upright, too vigorous, and too good-looking to be treated with such contumely.

He was very thin, and his lean brown face was deeply lined ; but that was due to the hardships of war, she decided, and not to old age ; for there was not a grey hair in his black moustache, nor in the crisp, short locks cropped close to his head, yet obstinately curling, nor in the marked black brows which met across the bridge of his straight nose.

When he laughed, which was rather often—a low, amused, sincere laugh, which made her feel inclined to join without knowing why—he showed square, even, white teeth, and screwed up his eyelids in what Philippa felt to be a very engaging manner. When he was not laughing she liked his face better still ; and the frankness of his expression and the softness of his handsome orange-brown eyes pleased and attracted her greatly.

The thought that he was a real live hero also sent a pleasant thrill down Philippa's backbone ; for she was, after all, a very simple country maiden, and her enthusiasms were fresh and wholesome.

Colonel Moore had no idea that those downcast eyes beneath Philippa's shady garden-hat were observing him, none the less that they seemed intent upon the lawn, or the tea-table, or Lady Adelstane's lace dress ; but he looked not infrequently at her, for, indeed, her face was sufficiently attractive to arrest the attention of a man less susceptible than he to the influence of beauty.

On a certain April morning many years ago David Moore had gone primrosing in the Bridescombe Woods with Philippa's mother, when she had been hardly older than Philippa was now. He tried to trace a resemblance between his shadowy recollections of that

gentle companion of a bygone day and the handsome, vigorous maiden before him, but he found none.

'So that is Catherine's child,' thought David, and felt a little tenderly towards Philippa for her mother's sake, and for the sake of that faint, isolated memory of that mother's youth; and perhaps also for her own, since the heart must be hard indeed that is not touched and softened by that first innocent loveliness of a woman-child, not yet awakened to the knowledge of her own charm or her own power.

George Chilcott walked home with his brother-in-law, leaving Clara at the parsonage, where she proposed that they should join her in calling upon the vicar's wife, who, she argued, could not be out at this late hour of the afternoon.

Since they declined her invitation with much warmth and determination, nothing was left her but to pay her visit alone, which she proceeded to do, and no sooner were they freed from her presence than a perceptible sense of ease and relief stole over both men.

At the lych-gate of the churchyard George hesitated, and said to his companion, 'I generally go the short cut through this place and the fields when I'm alone,' and David nodded without a word.

He had been there already since his arrival at Bridescombe.

The grass was very long, and the stone flags of the old lychway through the churchyard much overgrown. George walked in front, and David followed, and both men stopped before a cleared space, surrounded by a railing, wherein a plain sarcophagus stood, half buried in the blossom of carefully tended summer flowers.

The inscription to 'Delia, beloved wife of George Chilcott,' was discernible, and the date of a Christmas ten years past.

Close by there stood a plainer stone, whereon the name of George's father, Admiral Hector Chilcott, and his seventy-seven years of honoured, blameless life were recorded; and above both monuments towered the broken column which marked the tomb of Sir Philip Adelstane, called from a full and useful life in the prime of manhood; but George and David saw only that sacred place where youth and love and beauty lay low in Delia's grave.

Neither man spoke, nor did either so much as look at the other; but when George walked on, and David followed, both knew that that silent pilgrimage expressed a bond of mutual sorrow and brotherhood which could only have been weakened in intensity by spoken words.

*(To be continued.)*

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